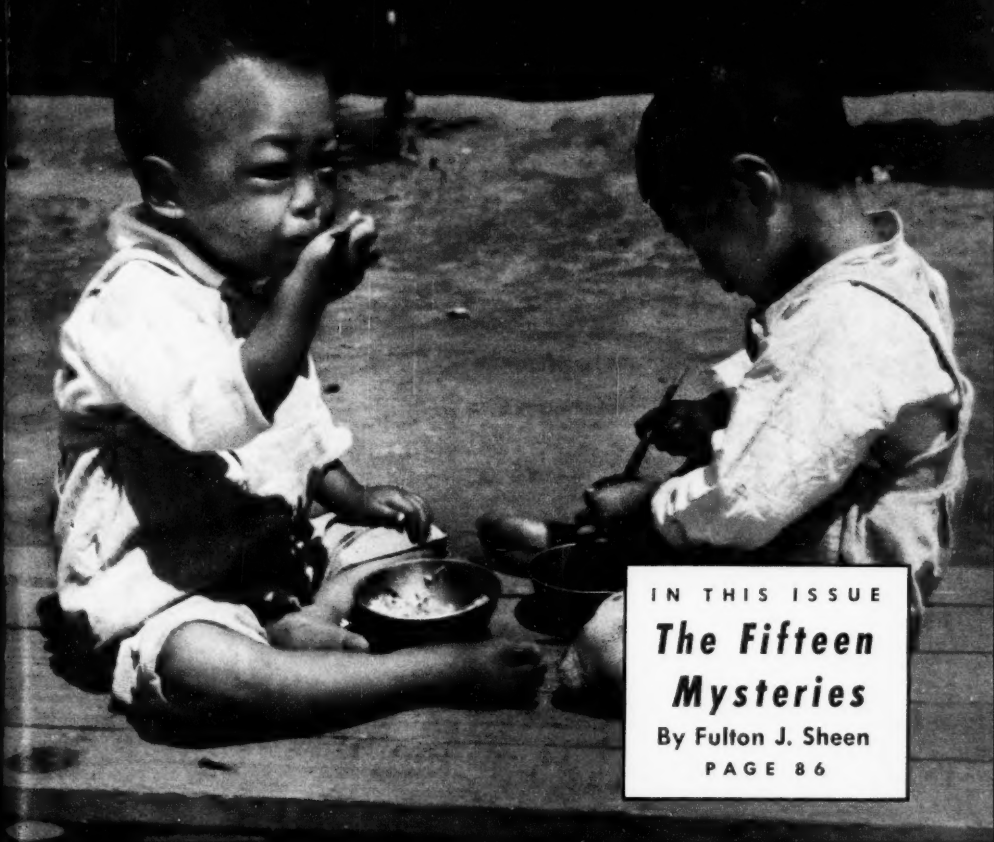


Catholic Digest

MARCH 1951

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IN THIS ISSUE

The Fifteen Mysteries

By Fulton J. Sheen

PAGE 86

Mr. Truman Doesn't Like Spain. Page 102

★ ★ ★ CONTENTS ★ ★ ★

Purgatory in Donegal	Bryan MacMahon	1
The Gold of Tibet	Baltimore Sunday Sun	8
Polio Victory	"Rise Up and Walk"	11
Kreisler's Violins	"Fritz Kreisler"	16
St. Patrick's Day Party	"The Perfect Hostess"	20
One Chopstick Apiece	Picture Story	22
Kim Ki Chong of Hamhung	Chicago Sun-Times	28
American Nun in Siberia	COR	29
Man O' War	From the book	35
Pirate Treasure on Oak Island	Philadelphia Inquirer Magazine	39
Living Coral Comes in Colors	"The Sea and Its Mysteries"	43
This Was the Forest Primeval	"A Natural History of Trees"	47
Government: the Bigger the Worse	"Where We Are At"	53
The Greatest Film I Ever Made	Los Angeles Examiner	58
Go Climb a Mountain!	"The Story of Mountains"	61
Life on the Erie Canal	"The Story of American Roads"	66
Conversations in Rome	"Europe Between the Acts"	71
The Recapture of Acadia	Maclean's Magazine	78
Shall We Dance?	Perpetual Help	83
The Fifteen Mysteries	Fulton J. Sheen	86
Democracy Is The Revolution	"Policy for the West"	91
Trial for Sanctity	Picture Story	96
Mr. Truman Doesn't Like Spain	Economic Council Letter	102
In the Refugee Camps of Europe	Edward E. Swanstrom	107
Pain-in-the-Neck Personality Traits	Your Personality	109

BOOK SECTION

Vultures on Loan St.	"Credit for the Millions"	111
Banker for the Poor	"The Poor Man's Prayer"	115
Open Door, 65 This Struck Me, 70 Flights of Fancy, 128		

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The World Before Your Eyes

Bare feet and a bread-and-water diet help spirit triumph over flesh

Purgatory in Donegal

By BRYAN MacMAHON

 I AM in a huge black boat, rowing across dark waters. Rain spits on me where I crouch beside the thwarts. The name of the boat is *St. Columba*; it carries 150 pilgrims. Through the blink of the rain I can glimpse the basilica of Lough Derg, floating as by a miracle on the crest of the small enraged lake.

To a dark cave on the island on which the basilica stands, St. Patrick came to do penance more than 1,500 years ago.

Lough Derg means Red lake; the name is based on a legend that St. Patrick had here killed a fearsome monster. The dying monster had reddened the waters with its blood.

We are going backwards into time. With every pull on the oars, the oarsmen, three to each great oar, quench a year.

The rain continues without letup.

The boat is now close to the blessed acre of St. Patrick's Purgatory, the sole remaining example of the ancient discipline of the Church. Tradition has it that in a cavern on this small island God granted Patrick a glimpse of the fires of Purgatory.

Approaching the island, I think: here is the place where man pauses and evaluates. The rain continues. The basilica seems to be built on a raft that is floating ever closer to us, while we in the boat remain stationary. The instant we touch the little pier on Station island the rain ceases as on a signal and the sun emerges. Everywhere then the rocks glisten where the erratic sunlight touches them.

People are everywhere on the island, before the hospice, on the rocks, on the pier. Eyeing us, they smile quietly. About them hangs an

air of peace. They seem confident.

I confess myself puzzled. The fast is gaily undertaken by one as surfeited with food as I have been.

My conceptions of Lough Derg are hazy; true, it was an old story told to me time and again, but, somehow, no teller had prepared me.

For one thing, everyone is barefooted. They have the black sand mud of Station island splashed on their ankles. The many hundreds of pilgrims talking quietly or praying or simply looking are all barefooted.

I go slowly up the little street. I approach the door of the great basilica. To the right I see hundreds of men and women, well-dressed and ill-dressed, stumbling barefooted over jagged rocks. The rocks are in the form of small circles, and constitute the "penitential beds" which are neither more nor less than the ruined beehive-shaped cells of the monks of ancient days. The beds are hilly, jagged and muddy. They are completely uninviting. I see the old and young stumbling and praying, praying and stumbling endlessly. Each person, after his fashion, is crying out in a low voice to the Lord God.

One man I recognize. He is a guerrilla leader famous in the Irish "Troubles." I see then a man whom, by his attire, I take to be a stockbroker. I see a girl I judge to be a typist. I am tolerably certain that another woman I notice

is a farmer's wife. The plain are there with the beautiful. The rich are there with the poor. All are suddenly valiant and gallant.

The mud under their feet, between the jagged rocks, has the strange smell of sandy lake mud. Some of the people are kneeling on the muddy stones. By the water's edge, men and women are kneeling or standing after the requirements of the penitential exercises. Some of the people have their bright faces turned to the Donegal hills. By the basilica, pilgrim after pilgrim in his turn stands at the wall and with arms extended renounces the world, the flesh, and the devil.

I have not been prepared for this. I am a writer. My lip knows how to curl. I am sorely tempted to say glibly that the Irish people are either infinitely crazy or infinitely wise.

But I have reckoned without the bruised white feet and the soft never-ending torrent of prayer. I have not been prepared for the great variety of people. I have not been prepared for the look on their faces. I have not been prepared to find the hunger of the spirit winning over hunger of the body.

And there and then where I stand watching I am taken with a sudden terror. It is a fear that I have missed something. I am forced to ask myself: have these people stumbled upon the ancient secret of happy life? Have these joyous few the key to a surpassing peace? Do

these men and women still treasure the wonder that has been lost in the modern world of wheels and wings?

Does this island in a lake in the wild Donegal highlands hold the clue to civilization's redemption? Is it possible that from here the spirit of penance and labor and denial shall go out in concentric rings to touch a jaded world?

I have not been prepared for the slimy stones, the wincing of bodies, the smothered cries of pain, the circling under the single dripping sycamore tree, the rising and falling of men and women, unconsciously miming the rise and fall of the soul of man. I have not been prepared for simplicity and gentility, faltering side by side in voluntary abasement.

I go where I am directed. In puzzlement, I remove my shoes. I go out to where the gravel is. Barefooted I enter the basilica. How beautiful the building is with the belated sunlight of summer stabbing through the upper windows! How spacious and gracious!

I go to St. Patrick's cross and pray as the exercises demand. To St. Brigid's cross I go. I pray, then turn my back on the cross, face the lake, and thrice outstretch my arms in renunciation. Four times I traverse the ambulatory which encircles the basilica, praying. The cement under my feet is stone cold. Through the drainage holes of the ambulatory I see the dark lake wa-

ONLY one meal, consisting of bread and water or black tea, is allowed each day. Pilgrims are forbidden to introduce into the island eatables of any kind, or to use anything at the daily meal, or at any other time, except what is permitted by the rules of the pilgrimage.

From the Rules of the Pilgrimage of Lough Derg.

ters below. Whitecaps fleck the surface of the indigo lake. At one point the wide cement path sounds hollow underfoot. Before long my feet begin to protest: the pathway seems to be surfaced with emery paper.

Blindly I go on praying: St. Brigid's bed, St. Catherine's bed, St. Columba's bed: the large Penitential bed. I go to the water's edge. I pray standing. I pray kneeling. I return to St. Patrick's cross and thence enter the basilica. For me, one station is ended.

The 2nd Station. Flesh grapples with spirit. With every step the body protests at the jagged stones, at the knife of a rock underfoot, at the sideways slip on stone polished by the feet of hundreds of thousands of pilgrims, at the personal indignity. The dark sand gravel has become embedded in my kneecaps. It is as insidious as it is unseen. Standing, I can forget it, but when again I go down to my knees the remembering sand is ready with its

quiet, almost too efficient torture.

I think of the Irish poet who described St. Patrick as being "on the knives of his knees on the Reek." I consider the tradition that it was from this tiny island Dante's *Purgatorio* has sprung. I call to mind the knight named Owen, who, during a pilgrimage to Lough Derg in 1153, was vouchsafed wonderful visions and spiritual experiences. An account of them made St. Patrick's Purgatory the subject of drama and poetry in all the courts of Europe. I glance at the mound topped by the bell tower: legend has it that beneath this very mound the Purgatorial cavern lies.

The 3rd Station. The body is being beaten down. The voice of the spirit is emerging. On all sides of me I see people striving after three days of perfection. By now the grind of prayer is acceptable.

The daylight wanes. Then begins the night-long vigil in the basilica. Green twilight is crowding around the upper windows as we begin the Rosary and attend Holy Hour. Twilight is followed by the dark. At midnight we begin in the basilica the first of the four Stations for the second day. Then begins the almost unceasing circuit of the basilica within to the rhythm of hammer blows of prayer.

All night long I hear the clang of the North of Ireland women praying—their voices are like bells. Those of the North say, "Deliver

us from *all* evil." We of the South say, "Deliver us from evil."

The great cluster of lights hangs from the roof. There are glimpses of the lake in the dark. There is also the ever-present smell of lake water.

At last there is surrender. With it comes an astonishing clarity of the mind. I realize: this island possesses the ability to slough off the troubled world.

Through repetition the words of the prayers become novel. The well-worn phrases are repolished. New lamps of meaning are offered for old. "Now and at the hour of our death." Our death—as we circle the basilica, small things intrude. The forgetful small toe is recurrently stubbed against the concealed bolt keeping the altar-rail carpet in place.

Also a trick of the tired-out body is recognized as a trick: my bare feet loiter so that when it is the time to kneel I am on the one spot of altar carpet. Prosaically, I also remember the tradition that no one has been known to catch a cold from these exercises.

In the short breaks during the night we hear the lapping of the lake. The priest guides us on through the night. Step after step he mounts as on a stairway of gold. There is no false emotion. The absence of food has sharpened our minds. In one of the circuits of the basilica I pass the broad slab of marble flanking the stairway to the

pulpit. I spy out the priest's bare feet: his ankles are also soiled with the sand-mud. The priest is young and earnest. He begins, "We pilgrims. . . ." The Aves continue to beat upon us. The priest is now chanting:

"O, ye sun and moon, bless the Lord!

O, ye stars of God, bless the Lord!"

Towards dawn the body grows clamant. Where the heavy eyelids leave off, the stomach begins; when the stomach ceases, kneecaps protest. On the floor of the basilica the merciless mica of the sand glistens. It is waiting patiently for the kneecaps. By inversion, discomfort becomes comfort.

I once heard it explained that the apparent haste of a priest celebrating Mass often comes from his piety hurrying him onwards towards the central moment of the Consecration. I know now that this holy briskness exists. For as the 4th Station draws to a close we experience in minute measure something of the experience of the priest leaping forward from point to point to the central brilliance of sacrifice.

A Chinese boy is a member of the pilgrimage; he has a rosary between his fingers. Out of territory that appeared wonderful to Marco Polo, he has come here to an Irish Purgatory. I wonder what his thoughts are. Of what is he a symbol?

The thousand feet are still shuffling. The upper eastern windows

grow greener. The light of morning has begun to touch the stained-glass windows. During a recess we watch the clean day striding into Donegal.

My eyes are raised to the single architectural whimsy of the beautiful building. These are the metal deer on the four lamp brackets over my head. They seem eager to leap into the sky. They strike a very pleasant note.

Pax. Pax. Pax. The harvest of the night is great: 396 Pater's, 648 Ave's, 124 Credo's.

A smile indicates that the footsoles still recall the point where the ambulatory is hollow underfoot.

Mass and instruction. The eyelids are twin tyrants. Sleep has become a jewel. I have a wordless pact with my neighbor that he is to jog my elbow if my body sags. I am to perform this service for him too. Now it is that the issue is fully knit between the willing spirit and the reluctant body.

When we go out we find that broad day is everywhere. We go to confession in the cheery Church of St. Mary. Afterwards, there is a "breakfast" of pilgrims' "wine": pepper and salt in boiled water. We sit in an old-world kitchen before an open hearth with the pot swinging over the turf fire. The chairs are of an ancient monastic design. Everyone is quiet and obviously in good spirits. A man seated on a chair on the flag of the hearth is apprehensive lest a jogged cup of

boiled water should scald him. The way he guards his insteps makes us smile. We postpone as far as possible into the evening the single meal of black tea with oaten cakes and toast allowed us on each day of the pilgrimage.

The boatloads come and go. We who are veterans of a single night smile our superiority at the disembarking pilgrims. The sunny day drowns onwards. Sleep has lost its power to touch us. All Donegal is flooded with light.

No longer is there wonder at the strangeness of the exercises. They have become a normal part of life. My harried footsoles force me to adopt the Lough Derg waddle. For once the kneecaps cease to protest.

Once I stood on the deck of a liner calling at the Cove of Cork. It was early morning. Two men came up the companionway. Both were bleary-eyed. Both wore dressing gowns. One gown was a vivid scarlet, and was grotesquely decorated with a white dragon. Both men looked at the hills behind the cathedral above the town. One asked, "What country is this?" The other replied with a grimace, "It's Ireland, a stagnant country!" Then they turned away. I wondered how I could ever begin to explain to such men as these the intrinsic beauty of our individual way of life.

At 9:30 P.M. there is the welcome bed. There follows the sleep of a hunting dog. The last memory I

have is of a dusty sunlight on the lake outside the window. As I close my eyes I see the great oars in the rafters. Then down and down I go. The night seems short.

The morning of the third day brings Mass, holy Communion, and instruction.

Performing the last two Stations, we pilgrims are endowed with an extraordinary agility. The footsoles and kneecaps are taken with an access of craftiness. The minutes pass. It is with feelings of something approximating regret that we end the last station of the third and final day.

Now we are free to depart. The welcome stockings; the thrice welcome shoes; and then, O horrible discovery, joy changes to sorrow. The touch of leather has grown distasteful! There is a hankering to revert to the blessed freedom of bare feet. But we gather our chattels and prepare to go.

Being human, the pilgrims in mid-exercise are willy-nilly distracted for a moment by a type of blessed envy as they see us make our way to the pier.

We smile at trifles. We are in the black boat. The priest stands on the pier; his arm is uplifted in blessing. As we draw away from the shore someone begins a hymn. Pilgrims in the other boats join in. The broad span of black water takes the voices. The pilgrims on the island shore are also singing. The sound of our voices moves out from the

island in concentric rings of sound. Out and out and out . . .

The Chinese boy stands near the prow of our boat. He does not know the words of the hymn. His face is inscrutable. I fancy I see a glitter in his eyes. Ring after ring

of sound continues to move out from the island.

I look back at the island that has been a place of penance and peace for close on 1500 years. I see the basilica floating as by a miracle on the surface of the waters.

Hydrotherapy

Inside

WHEN I was a boy, we lived in a small town in southern Ohio. Our home was across the road from Doc Martin, the old country doctor of that community. Like most such doctors, he possessed a wealth of wisdom and a great sense of humor.

One day, a woman came to Doc Martin seeking a remedy for an "ailment" her husband had. "Every day he comes home from work," she said, "he just fusses and fights with me all the time. There must be something wrong with him, and I thought you could give me something to cure him."

The doctor asked her a few pertinent questions, then presently got up and went to his medicine cabinet. He took down a large bottle of clear liquid, examined it carefully, and

poured a generous portion into a smaller bottle.

"Take this home," he said, "and when you see your husband coming home in the evening, take a large sip of it and hold it in your mouth for 20 minutes. Keep this up for two weeks, and I feel sure your husband will be much better."



The woman took the medicine and went her way. Two weeks later, she returned. "It worked like magic, Doc," she said. "My husband doesn't fight with me at all any more when he comes home from work. The medicine's all gone, though. Will you fix me up some more of it?"

This time, the old doctor filled the bottle from the office water tap, and gave it to the astounded woman.

Worral G. Sonastine in *Your Health* (Winter Quarter, 1951).

Outside

ONE morning I asked myself: "Why do you take cold baths when you dislike them?" I answered myself: "Because it's good for my health." After a moment's reflection I knew that was not true. My health had been just as good when I did not take cold baths. Then I recalled the number of times I had proudly referred to my daily cold bath. It dawned on me that there was the real answer. I took cold baths that I might boast about my hardihood to the neighbors.

Oscar Allison in *Marriage Magazine* (16 Jan. '51).

You can't carry enough out on yak back to make it worth the effort

The Gold of Tibet

By HARRISON FORMAN

Condensed from the *Baltimore Sunday Sun**

IN TIBET, gold is not hidden away. It is displayed by the ton. Fantastic? Well, a ton of gold at 12 ounces to the pound, troy weight, makes a cube little more than 14 inches on a side.

I have seen roofs of Tibetan temples and shrines heavily sheeted with gold. I have seen giant golden Buddhas in their murky interiors; mass incense burners, reliquaries, censers and altarpieces used in Lamaistic ritual, some of solid gold, some liberally ornamented with gold inlay. I have seen libraries of sacred Buddhist scriptures whose dog-eared volumes were bound with bands of pure gold.

I have seen swaggering warriors with rakish foxskin hats, knee-length boots, and huge sheepskin cloaks tucked up at the waist with bright silken sashes. They were armed to the teeth with gold-damascened dirks, swords or rifles. On their chests dangled heavy beaten-gold charm boxes. In the boxes

were tiny idols to ward off bullets and evil spirits. Their pigtails were wound about their foreheads and fastened over their left temples with gold-filigreed ornaments embellished with precious stones.

I have seen women who were walking fortunes. In addition to the jewel-and-gold charm boxes, necklaces, rings and earrings, they wore heavy breastplates and back-pieces to provide more space for ornamentation.

The women, especially those of the nomadic tribes in central and northeastern Tibet, wore their hair done up in 108 braids, suggested by the 108 volumes of the *Kandyur*, the Tibetan sacred scriptures. The braids reached to the small of the back. Attached to the ends of the braids was a piece of heavy cloth which extended to the heels. The cloth was richly studded with ornaments of silver, coral, amber, turquoise and gold nuggets. Some of the nuggets were as big as walnuts.



Long ago, itinerant Chinese traders, bringing in tea, cotton cloth, and silks, had seen the casualness with which the Tibetans regarded their gold. It wasn't difficult to persuade the Tibetans to pay for their purchases with gold. They could pan it from thousands of mountain streams. It was better than bartering with furs and sheepskins which the Tibetans could always use themselves.

In his complete isolation from the rest of the world (Tibet is a two-mile-high plateau in the heart of Asia, about as big as Mexico), personal needs and desires of the woolly Tibetan nomad are limited. Gold of itself, apart from the little trading he does with it, is not of much use to him.

He gives the big nuggets to his womenfolk for adornment, and the rest to the nearest lamasery. The lamasery needs silken vestments, altarpieces, incense, and paper, which must be imported from China or India. The lamas encourage contributions in gold instead of the less negotiable furs, hides, and livestock.

At Lhabrang Gomba, fourth largest lamasery in Tibet, with 5,000 lamas in residence, I spent many delightful months with my friend, Alakh Jamv Japa, its grand living Buddha. The Tibetans worship him as the incarnation of the god of learning. I, however, found him to be a bright, intelligent, fun-loving young man, eager to learn

A MEXICAN ROAD 40 miles long is being paved with gold and silver. The road is between San Luis Potosi and Santa Maria.

In the 18th century the Spaniards started work in the San Pedro mines, in San Luis Potosi. Lacking water, they drilled a few wells about 12 miles from the mining site and found underground currents. There the ores from the mines were carried for processing. The old method was inadequate; and in time the slag accumulation contained much gold, silver, and lead. Slag fragments have been found which yielded up to $\frac{1}{3}$ ounce of gold and 5 ounces of silver.

This slag has been used for the road. It is estimated that each yard of road contains 6 ounces of silver, or \$5.50 worth at 90¢ an ounce, and $\frac{1}{16}$ ounce of gold, or about \$2.20 worth at \$35 an ounce.

Times-Picayune New Orleans States

as much as he could about the world outside.

While I never ceased to marvel at the careless profusion of gold which I saw everywhere, he was fascinated by my stories of things in the land I came from: electricity, for example, with its light-without-heat; skyscrapers which could house the lamas of all Lhabrang in a single building; airplanes, which levitated a roomful of people and

sent them through the air with the speed of wind.

What I was too ashamed to tell him, however, was that with all these blessings of civilization, there were yet those among my people who would kill to get the yellow gold his people regarded so lightly.

Of the many golden-roofed buildings in the lamasery of Lhabrang the most impressive was its principal idol house. It was a five-story building, of massive stones, topped with an ornate penthouse heavily sheeted with beaten gold. The four corners of this glittering superstructure were turned up, in the Chinese style, and tipped with grotesque gargoyles. From the gargoyles' lower jaws eight-inch bells swayed in the breeze, their notes blending in a weird harmony.

The most amazing thing about this golden-roofed idol house was this. Massive though it appeared, it was still only a shell to house the huge golden Buddha which almost filled its interior.

The Buddha was 75 feet high, reaching to the ceiling. It had numerous snakelike arms extending from wall to wall. The whole was sheeted with burnished gold, seeming aflame from the reflections of thousands of flickering butter lamps set in tiny niches in the encircling balconies.

Near by was the golden *chorten*. A *chorten* is a mausoleum for the ashes of previous living-Buddha incarnations. It looked like a giant

chessman with its crescent-and-disk-tipped spire more than 100 feet above the flagstone and a squared base 75 feet on a side. The whole upper part of this golden *chorten* was gold-sheeted.

I often heard about the great hoards of gold stored in lamasery treasuries. There was nothing furtive about this admission. Everyone knew of the rich gold-ore veins in the mountains all around. The facts are already well known abroad. Even the Encyclopaedia Britannica notes, "A remarkable economic feature is the almost universal distribution of gold throughout Tibet. Every river which rises there washes down sands impregnated with gold."

You may wonder why a gold-hungry world outside has not long ago reached for the gold lodes of the Land of the Lamas. The answer is: it just wasn't worth the cost. No modern motor roads nor railroads lead into Tibet. Horses and yaks are still the only forms of transport. They are impracticable for heavy loads.

But the airplane today conquers distance and mountains. Soon we may see despoliation comparable to that of the early Americas by the Spanish *conquistadores*. The Chinese communist invasion is the start of it. [A late AP news release states that the communists have already removed 75 tons of treasure from Lhasa, Tibet, on the backs of 1,000 mules.]

*The first time you stand up, the floor
looks 50 feet down*

Polio Victory

By TURNLEY WALKER

Condensed from a book*

THE smallest patient in your polio hospital is a little girl, two years old. A tiny harness of soft white duck is strapped around her body, and two short, wide reins of the same material are attached at the shoulders. Her chubby left leg is held firm and straight by a full brace of leather and light metal. The doctors tell you it is a miniature replica of the one which you probably will wear.

The little arms are lifted in the balancing gesture of all babies. The chief therapist holds the reins tightly in her hands as she crouches over the curly head. The child steps high with her undamaged leg and hauls the braced leg after it. The grown men watching along the corridor raise a cheer. The child laughs at them and claps her hands. "Walking is only a trick," the chief therapist reminds them all.

Always when the doctor makes

*Rise Up and Walk. Copyright, 1950, by the author. Reprinted with permission of E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York City. 95 pp. \$1.75.

his rounds on Thursday, you are ready for him, sitting in your wheel chair. This is the day he makes decisions on changes in your treatments. You are always nervous, highly expectant. In all your life you have never felt such reliance on another man, nor such confidence in his judgment. He never tells you anything directly, unless in answer to a question. He simply lays his hands on your legs in several places and asks you to try to perform certain movements. Shortly after he leaves, the nurse tells you his current decision.

One day the doctor advances briskly into the room. He makes the circle of the beds, taking more time with each patient than on other days. He stops before your chair and looks down into your eyes with his level blue stare.

"Stand him on his feet," he tells two of the male therapists standing near by. Fear shoots through you. The therapists move toward your arms.

"I'm not sure. . . ." you begin.

"You're not sure about what?" asks the doctor.

"I've never been even halfway up. I don't think I can actually stand. . . ."

"Of course you can," the doctor tells you. He motions to the therapists. They take you above each elbow. "Put your arms around their necks," directs the doctor.

The struggle upward seems to take a long time. Your legs are

under you, feeling like two strands of spaghetti. The doctor stoops, and deftly pushes back your knees so that they can lock under your weight. "Hold them there," he orders. You clench the muscles above your knees, as you have been taught. You are sweating with fright.

"Put your hands on their necks and balance yourself," the doctor says. You do this, and then he tells them to take their hands away from your body. You are standing. You look down at the floor, an immense distance, and see your shoes placed just as they used to be before polio took the life from your legs. You cannot see your legs; you are afraid to lean that far forward.

"Very good," the doctor says. You try to lift your head to look at him. You have to jerk it, using great effort. You see with surprise that you are much taller than he. His white eyebrows are lifted quizzically as he peers at you. "You see," he says, "there's nothing to it."

"I . . . feel . . . 50 feet high . . . !" you tell him.

He smiles. "We have probably stretched you up an inch or two, but not that much," he says. You are almost sobbing with the triumph you feel inside. "Now lift your right leg," he tells you. "Step out as if you were going to climb right through that doorway."

"I couldn't. . . ."

"Yes, you can," he says.

The chief therapist, a young

woman of driving, intelligent personality whom you have come to respect, touches his arm. "Doctor, that leg is very weak. He won't be able to lift it, and if he tries. . . ."

"Nonsense," he tells her gently. "I've been watching the leg. It will lift."

He peers up at you with that quizzical expression. You think terribly hard about your leg. In your mind, you say with all your might: *Lift . . .* throw out the foot . . . !

You feel it coming. Suddenly your leg is swinging clear. You tell your foot to push its way out. You glance down and see the foot appear in the air and then come down with a little flop. You have taken a step.

Now you know that the tears are running down your cheeks. You see the doctor indistinctly, and it seems to you that he is grinning, an expression you have never seen before. "Now you can sit down," says the doctor.

You lurch backward and the two therapists lower you to the chair. You feel very tired, and sit with your head bent down, while your friends in their beds shout out their approval of what you have done.

"When will I get my brace?" you ask the doctor.

"In a few days now," he tells you.

"What will happen then?" you want to know.

"We'll teach you how to walk," he says.

The hospital's smallest *polio*, with all the balance and dexterity of a two-year-old with one tiny leg locked in leather and aluminum, tries to turn at the far end of the corridor. She falls, hands grasping at the air, and only the quick pull of the chief therapist on the reins of her white harness saves her from a thumping on the floor. Fright makes the child cry, and the grown men watching from their wheel chairs turn their eyes away.

But soon they hear the chortle and the sharp, glad directions with which the little patient commonly accompanies her exercises. They see the little girl come stepping, dragging, stepping, dragging towards them once again. "You show them now," says the therapist, with the gallant urging children love. "Walking's a trick anyone can learn!"

Your long brace clicks and locks smartly at the knee. Leaning against the wall, you stand erect. Today the floor is only 20 feet away instead of 50. The rods of the brace gleam in slender perfection downward, your thin naked leg between them.

"I still wish that you had made this thing out of aluminum," you say to Lou, one of the world's great brace-makers, who stands near by.

"Quit your beefing," says Lou. "You were six foot two when they brought you in, and you've probably been stretched another couple of inches. It takes steel to hold a man your size."

"I don't mean to imply it isn't pretty," you say.

"Steel," says Lou approvingly. "There's nothing better than steel."

The doctor looks up at you from under his smooth white eyebrows. You are still surprised to see that you are so much taller than he. "Walk," he orders tersely. With the crutches jammed firmly under your arms, you know exactly what to do. You step out firmly with your good right leg, then lift your left hip, and swing the brace with its content of flesh and bone. You keep it up right down the hall, and, though your technique of foot travel might appear odd or even pitiful to the man on the street, you are terribly proud of it.

"Turn around," comes your next order from the doctor. Thrusting your weight upon your good leg and one crutch, you pivot and come stepping and swinging yourself up the hall toward the little watching group.

Now you are grinning with all your might. You feel your neck muscles straining with the anxiety of this expression. You want the doctor's approval more than you have ever wanted anything.

You reach the group and halt. The white head of the doctor is just below, bent down intently, as he stares at your legs. His quiet hands reach out as he stoops, touching your good leg.

"You have done a fine job with this one," he says.

It is one of the few compliments he has ever paid you, and you feel your throat choking with happiness and pride. He prods your weak leg, your shame, between the slender steel rods which give it strength. You both have worked very hard on that leg, and every tiny muscle failure in it is known perfectly to each of you.

"And don't give up this one," says the doctor. "There is something there. We don't know about it yet."

You feel each of his words dissolving into you. You wait. The doctor straightens. His blue eyes peer steadily into yours, the eyebrows lift intently.

"So you are going to Warm Springs," he says.

"Yes, this week, if you think I'm ready."

"Of course. Tomorrow, if you like."

You are grinning again, and the little crowd around you, nurses, physical therapists, murmur their congratulations. You have won the first big victory. You can walk alone. You can leave the hospital where you have suffered through the terrible beginning stages of the disease, and have climbed upward to the doorway, inch by inch. You thank them all.

"Remember one thing," says the doctor quietly. He takes your arm above the elbow, and you are proud of the big clenching of muscle which you have developed with the exercises. "Remember that

you are just starting. Five months since the onset of polio. To you it seems a long time, but it is nothing. I think you will have some return of muscle strength for at least a year. You must keep working."

"And hoping, doctor?"

His eyes are deep on yours. "Of course," he tells you. He steps back. You duck your head and try to keep on grinning. You feel his fingers gently pat your arm.

"All right, next patient," he says quickly, and you watch the group move away from you down the corridor. Before going back to your wheel chair, you walk to each of the other beds in the big sunny room where you have spent a lifetime in five months.

"So you made it," says the manufacturer, with a triumphant smile. You don't have to tell him, the look on your face is enough.

You nod. "Tomorrow. I can leave tomorrow."

He salutes you with his cigarette. "You miserable, miserable character," he says. "I'm going to miss you around here."

"Maybe you'll be next," you tell him. And then you are sorry you have said this. You all know that both of his legs and one arm are gone completely.

"Sure, I'll wriggle on my belly like a snake," he tells you.

The teen-age boy is gone from the next bed, and the new patient whom you scarcely know is deep in exhausted sleep. There is only the

lawyer, your particular friend. You swing over to his bedside.

"It's terrific, the way you walk," he tells you proudly. You know how it is with him. The weakness of one shoulder and arm have held him back from everything but the wheel chair, and may for months to come. "What a terrific right leg you've got there," he says. You wish that you could give him a little of that strength, inject it into his shoulder.

You call for your wheel chair then, and sit down at his bedside. For nearly two hours you talk quietly. He is immensely happy about your success. It floods his thin, pain-worn face, softening it. You go over many of the small, ter-

ribly important experiences you have been through together. Then it is suppertime, then dark, and you hoist yourself into your high, narrow, white bed for the last time.

There is a full moon this night, and your bed is white and clear around you, blackness dropping depthlessly from its edges. It has been your home through the longest and deepest experience of your life. It has been the one sure thing in a totally dissolving world. You grip the thick edges of the mattress in your now strong hands. You lie for a long time without sleeping.

You relax, and the softness of the moonlight takes you gently into a dream in which your victory continues forever.

Food for Thought . . .

"OH, YES, I pray," a housewife said to a clergyman, "but mine is a very simple prayer. I don't think it at all necessary to learn a lot of rigmarole or repeat psalms or get technical and fancy with God. He knows the prayer in my heart. Entirely too much is made of praying."

"I quite agree with you," the clergyman smiled. "I've often said to my wife: 'If you know how to slice bread, and to fry an egg or a slab of meat, what more does anyone want or need? It isn't necessary to learn a lot of fancy cooking and bake dishes with rigmarole. Entirely too much is made of eating.'" *When Sorrow Comes* by Grace Perkins Oursler and April Armstrong.

. . . With Liquid Added

"RELIGION me eye!" said the bright boy. "If religion is all it's cracked up to be, if it can do all we're told it can, why are there thousands calling themselves Christians who do all kinds of things they shouldn't?"

Silence. Then a quiet chuckle from a down-at-heel old man. "True for you, son," said he. "But water's been flowing for thousands of years, and we still talk of 'the great unwashed.' Is it the fault of the water?"

Madonna of Perpetual Help. (Nov. '50).

He took such good care of his instruments that he willingly jumped on and off moving trains for them

Kreisler's Violins

By LOUIS P. LOCHNER

Condensed chapter of a book*

F RITZ KREISLER has been less addicted to any particular violin than has any other violinist. This has been pointed out by Rembert Wurlitzer, through whose hands practically all the famous violins of the world have passed. "Some of the greatest players," he said, "feel that they cannot play well unless their favorite violin is in their hands. Fritz can take any good violin and make it sound superb."

The Guarnerius violin which Fritz Kreisler still owns was made in 1733. "Hill, the London instrument dealer, claims it is the best violin Guarnerius ever made," he says.

Kreisler judges the relative merits of the Stradivarius and the Guarnerius this way: "The Strad is excellent for a small concert hall. At the time when Strads were built, only small halls were available for

concerts. The Guarnerius has much more power. Recently a younger violinist bought a Strad. Although it is such a marvelous instrument, he wondered why he was not doing

as well with the audiences as he used to do. The answer is simple: our concert halls today for the most part are too big for a Strad."

In 1930 Kreisler had apparently not yet made up his mind which he preferred, a Stradivarius or a Guarnerius. For he then said, "Can a man say that he prefers a blond beauty to a brunette beauty, and vice versa? One does not make a choice when face to face with beauty. My choice is a polygamous one as regards violins."

At Hill's in London, one day in 1926, he found the "Lord Amherst of Hackney," a Stradivarius of 1734, which he sold in October, 1946, to Rudolph Wurlitzer. In the course of this sale, Kreisler also disposed



*Fritz Kreisler. Copyright, 1950, by the author. Reprinted with permission of the Macmillan Co., New York City. 455 pp. \$5.

of the "Earl of Plymouth" Stradivarius, acquired from Hill in 1928 and purchased by Dorothea Powers.

The sale of the 235-year-old "Earl of Plymouth" Strad aroused worldwide interest. "Fritz sold it on my advice," Harriet, Kreisler's wife, said. "I didn't want six fiddles hanging around when so many violinists needed them."

This Stradivarius derives its name from the fact that in 1925 it was found in an old lumber room of the Earl of Plymouth. Experts proclaimed it to be on a par with the "Messiah" and the "Alard," both in English possession.

Kreisler frequently used a violin made in London about 1720 by Daniel Parker, one of the first English violin makers to copy Stradivarius. Also, as recently as 1946 he played on an unusually fine Guarnerius copy made by Jean Baptiste Vuillaume, which he still has and enjoys.

The Vuillaume copy was so excellent that Kreisler once tried it out on his colleague, Mischa Elman. As Elman tells the story, "I visited Kreisler one day in his home in Berlin, when he took me upstairs to show me his precious collection of violins. He had me play on his Stradivarius and his Guarnerius, and then handed me another 'Guarnerius.' I played on it. It was fine.

"Do you see any difference in quality?" he asked. When I replied 'No,' he said, 'This is really not a Guarnerius at all, but a copy of a

very famous one.' All of which goes to show that a skillful master with imagination can produce a beautiful instrument, and that you don't always need a big name to insure quality."

"Paganini was the owner of two Vuillaume copies of his Guarnerius," Kreisler explained. "When he died, one of them was left to his natural heirs, and is still in a museum in Genoa where, unfortunately, it is disintegrating rapidly. The other was left to his only pupil, the celebrated violinist Camillo Sivori. This second copy found its way to Hill & Sons. After much persuasion, I finally prevailed upon the London dealers to sell it to me."

One might imagine that Kreisler would watch his priceless instruments most carefully while on tour. The contrary is true. He is serenely confident that so costly an instrument will turn up again, even if someone should steal it. Every instrument dealer in the world knows who the owners of the most famous fiddles are.

Occasionally Fritz forgot one of his precious violins at a hotel or in a taxicab. Dame Ethel Smyth recalls a trip Kreisler once took from Rome to Naples with his wife. The train came to a full stop because of a herd of bullocks blocking the road. It was then that Fritz suddenly noticed that he had left his Strad behind in the hotel. So he jumped out of his compartment, while Harriet pitched their bags,

Maybe-So Dept.

I once said to Kreisler, "Why do you spend your genius on trifles instead of using it in the service of great or less familiar music, which is worthy of it?"

Kreisler said to me, "There is, in my opinion, as much artistic merit and satisfaction in doing a little thing perfectly as in doing a big thing; in writing a perfect sonnet as in building Milan cathedral."

Stephen Williams in the *Ladies Home Journal* (Jan. '51).

including a second instrument, out of the window. Fritz then caught Harriet as she jumped the four and a half feet to the ground.

The car was largely filled with German tourists. Accustomed as they were to strict obedience to rules, they were scandalized. Why, they exclaimed, it is *strengstens verboten* (absolutely forbidden) to get out of a train between stations. To make matters worse, just as the engineer blew the whistle to start off again, Harriet discovered that her handbag was missing. According to Dame Smyth: "'Hand me down that bag on the middle seat, please—quick,' said Kreisler. 'I shall do nothing of the sort,' replied one of the Germans, and slammed the door. Whereupon Kreisler, swarming up to the side of the carriage, wrenched the door open, pushed

past the German, and while the train was slowly getting into its stride jumped again to the ground." He recovered his Stradivarius at Rome without difficulty.

Testing out his theory that instrument dealers know who owns famous fiddles caused Fritz Kreisler trouble one day in Antwerp. It came about before the 1st World War, and made him miss a Channel boat. Kreisler happened to come upon a nondescript fiddle as he was browsing in an old antique shop. He asked the aged owner of the shop the price. The reply must have intrigued him. To find out whether the man was really an expert judge of violins, he took his own instrument out of its case and asked whether the antique dealer was interested in buying it.

The old man looked at the instrument, handled it with a reverence that indicated familiarity with quality, and observed, "I'm not rich enough to pay what this violin is worth. But you are evidently a connoisseur. If you'll excuse me for a few minutes, I'll dash to my home and fetch an Amati which I have there and which you'll like to see."

He disappeared, but returned accompanied, not by a violin but by a policeman. Pointing to the slightly bewildered customer, he cried out, "That man is a thief; he's stolen Fritz Kreisler's violin."

Kreisler protested that he himself was indeed Fritz Kreisler. He could not prove his identity, because he

had left his passport at the hotel. Then, however, he had a bright idea: clamping the priceless Guarnerius under his chin, he played *Schön Rosmarin*.

The antique dealer's expression changed from incredulity to unfeigned wonderment, then to ardent appreciation. "There's no doubt about it," he finally said excitedly, as he regained speech. "The gentleman simply can't be anyone else but Fritz Kreisler. Nobody else can play *Schön Rosmarin* like that."

Kreisler was once asked by a critic what bow he preferred. He replied, "I have a beautiful Tourte, a gift from Mr. Tubbs, which I use frequently." That was years ago. He later often used one of half a dozen Hill bows he owns, and at times a Pfretschner. Here, again, he was unlike most professional violinists, who usually have one favorite bow.

Once Kreisler was in a Florida town, and failed to notice, when he was shaving, that some of the soap-

suds had landed on his violin bow. That night, as he joined the symphony orchestra in playing the national anthem, his violin suddenly went dead whenever the middle of his bow touched it. Only then did he discover that the bow hair was soapy.

He wanted to hurry off the stage immediately after the anthem to fetch a reserve bow, but the conductor had already begun the opening bars of the Paganini concerto that Fritz was to play as the first work. Since he had to catch a train, the composition in which he figured had obligingly been placed at the head of the program.

Once again Kreisler performed one of those daring feats for which he is noted. He played the difficult piece without using the middle section of his bow. So perfect was his performance that one critic hailed him for having invented a new style of playing Paganini, playing only at the point and at the frog of his bow!

Mistake in the Masonry

AN influential member of the Masonic lodges read a report of the award of 3,000 francs by the French Academy "for virtuous acts" to Jeanne Jugan on Jan 1, 1865. Bitterly anticlerical, he thought that she would be the kind of philanthropist who could be set up in opposition to the nuns of France. In consequence, the Freemasons, at one of their gatherings, after a speaker had described Jeanne as "this admirable woman," awarded her, without ever seeing her, a very large gold medal. Their medal, cast into the melting pot, finally became the golden cup of a chalice! Jeanne Jugan was Sister Marie of the Cross, foundress of the Little Sisters of the Poor.

From *Jeanne Jugan* by Francis Trochu (Newman Press, Westminster, Md. 1950).

Smart hostess gives hints for a happy evening



St. Patrick's Day Party

By MAUREEN DALY

Condensed from a book*

ST. PATRICK'S DAY is no longer reserved exclusively for the Irish. With a mixture of gaiety and poignancy, Irishmen have spread their spell, so that everyone wants to tuck a shamrock in his lapel on March 17 and join the party.

The keynote of any St. Patrick's day party should be, of course, colorful and traditional Irish fun. But make your plans carefully, with your guests clearly in mind. Many of your more reserved Irish guests might resent a motif based on the vaudeville type of Irish. Keep this thought in mind when planning greetings, games, and decorations.

Make your "Paddy party" an evening of games, and a late, light buffet supper. No special decorations are necessary for the house itself. Save all your ideas for a gala supper table. Send invitations on plain white cards, written in green ink to catch the Irish mood, or try harps, cut out of stiff green paper and folded bookwise, then "strung" as harp strings with a darning needle

and yellow silk thread. You will have to be the judge of whether or not your crowd likes "amusing" invitations or not. But for most adult parties it is wise to send direct and simple invitations.

The St. Pat's supper will serve as the end of the evening; but, just to get in the mood of things, let's start right here with food and party tables. For the latter, you may choose a "gay" or a "gracious" table, and either one will fit the menu. The food can be dressed up or down in the serving.

For that gay look, spread the table with a green-and-white checked tablecloth and use matching checked napkins or solid green ones of the paper variety. Scatter the table with green shamrock cutouts and little, white clay pipes available at any dime store. As a centerpiece, use a large, well-scrubbed rock to represent the famed Blarney Stone, and place potted shamrocks (usually available at florists around March 17) in a cluster about it. Under the edge of the stone, put a "special

*The Perfect Hostess. Copyright, 1950, by the author. Reprinted with permission Dodd, Mead & Co., New York City. 306 pp. \$3.

bit of blarney" for each guest, written on small cards which are attached by narrow green ribbons to small name cards. The latter cards are arranged around the table. The "blarneys" are to be read aloud at the end of the supper, and the success of the trick will depend on your cleverness in fitting the far-fetched compliment to the guest for whom it is intended. Now dim all the lights in the room except the glow from nine green candles, held in small, well-scrubbed potatoes and arranged in threes at the middle and either end of the table. This type of background is a perfect setting for a light but hearty menu.

Served buffet style, give your guests pigs-in-the-blanket (sausage biscuits), if you live in a diocese where there is no fasting that day. Serve them hot from the oven (they can be prepared ahead of time and popped into the oven for a last 15 minutes of baking just before serving). Have wedges of sharp cheese, and a crisp green salad. Here's a salad that is excellent with the sizzling, sausage-hot-pastry combination: lettuce, endive, and small chunks of pineapple, canned or fresh, a liberal sprinkling of chopped chives, all tossed together lightly with French dressing. For dessert comes lime ice with a thin chocolate syrup and hot coffee.

The same menu may be served from a buffet table set in elegance with a white linen cloth, slim, dark green tapers in silver or crystal

holders and a centerpiece arranged as an Irish jaunting cart, filled with small bunches of flowers or shamrocks. For the jaunting cart, use either a very small toy wheelbarrow, painted dark green, or make one yourself from a shoe box, attaching two cardboard wheels and two sticks as shafts. Keep the jaunting car, and its load of flowers, in small, graceful proportion to the rest of the table. Your best crystal and china will complete the picture.

And now for the games. In planning parties for adults, don't be afraid to try games that are new, active or slightly comical. The old stand-bys for home parties, such as bunco and bridge, and other card games, can get to be monotonous as entertainment. Games that use ingenuity, brains or some whimsical talent are always fun as long as they do not leave the guests feeling ruffled or annoyed at having to wear out their "party clothes."

I once attended a St. Patrick's day party at which each guest (and everyone was over 21) was given a small bowl of soapsuds and a little clay pipe. We all sat around the table, blowing soap bubbles. It may not have been Irish but it was fun! We had two contests: one to see whose bubbles could float the longest and the other to see whose bubbles could float the farthest. The hostess used a stop watch, and each guest took his turn blowing his best bubble for each contest. If you are looking for a game to set the

guests laughing, soap bubbles is it.

Next comes a pencil-and-paper game for which you will have to do some work ahead of time. From magazines and newspapers cut out pictures of well-known persons, all of them Irish, and paste them on uniform-numbered squares of cardboard. The pictures might include such persons as William O'Dwyer, Maureen O'Hara, John McCormick, Bing Crosby, and Irish personalities currently in the news. Pass the cards among the guests or simply arrange them where they can be easily seen by everyone. Each guest is given a pencil and paper and five minutes to identify, according to number, as many of the faces as possible. There should be at least 20 to guess over, incidentally. No peeking at a neighbor's paper, of course, and the guest with the most correct names wins.

Then, with pencils and papers still in hand, give the crowd 20 minutes to make as many words as possible out of the Irish Gaelic phrase *Erin go bragh*, meaning "Ireland forever." Pencil games are always fun and can be a calming respite in a hectic evening.

About an hour before supper

service, start a game of charades, with the guests divided into two teams. What makes this a game for St. Patrick's day? This time each charade suggestion must have some Irish derivation. For instance, you might use such phrases as "Top of the morning to you," "It's the luck of the Irish," or "Did you hear the story about the two Irishmen?" Also, appropriate song titles are fun to act out.

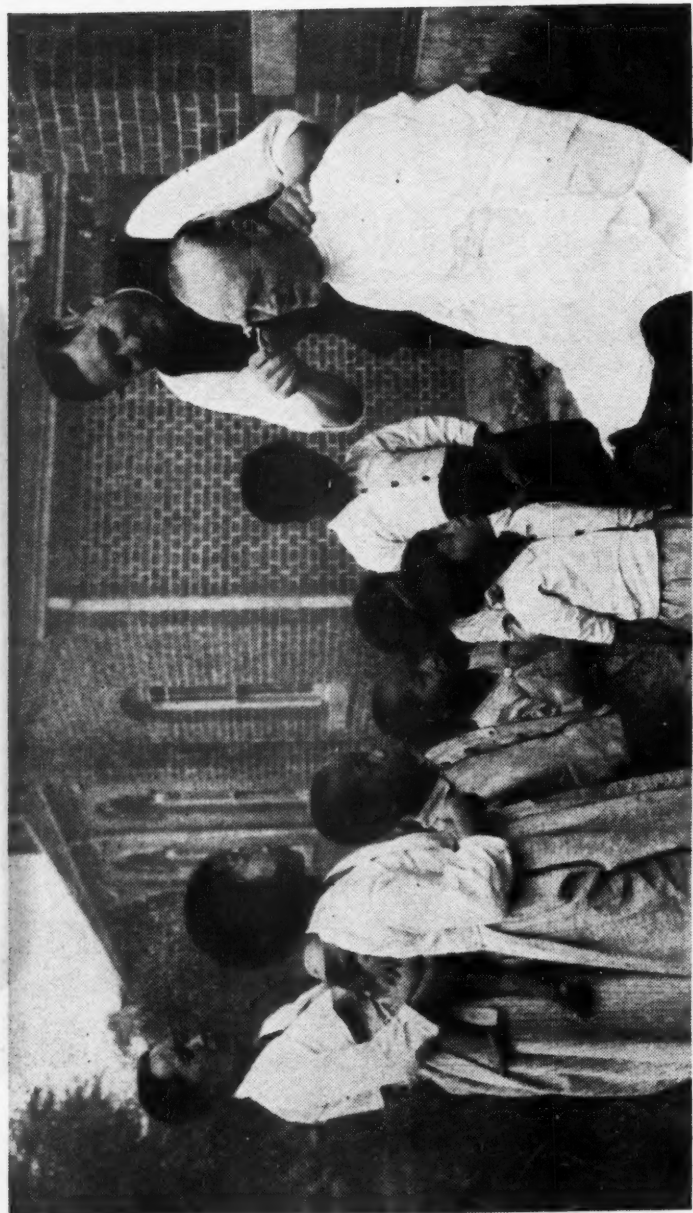
Now's the time, about 10:30 on this St. Patrick's night, to call your guests to the buffet table. And after refreshments, wind up the evening with an Irish song fest, starting with such old and well-known favorites as *When Irish Eyes Are Smiling*, *It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary* and *Where the River Shannon Flows*, and ending with such specialties as *The Low-Backed Car* and *Sweet Mollie Malone*. You will find most Irishmen quite extrovert as performers, so look for solo vocalists and a fancy jigger or two in the crowd. Little did St. Patrick imagine, when he wandered through the shamrocks more than 1500 years ago, that his birthday would be remembered with a party like this!

One Chopstick Apiece

Soldiers die in war. Children die, also, without ever learning why their elders fight. This is how they look in Korea.



January 15, 1949, little one-and-a-half year old didn't know there would be a war, didn't understand why there should be one. She lived in Seoul. She probably doesn't live at all now.



Father Ray Petegreu of Detroit is barber for Fr. Patrick Cleary of Rochester, N. Y. Both are Maryknollers. The kids are fascinated. Maybe they have since watched executions.



Farmer's son is carried about by his mother. She is drawing water from a primitive well. He, then, had his mother, but little else.



Little lost lady has not got her mother, nor her father. She is alone with her heartbreaking look of bewilderment.



Two young men setting out to explore the world they were born in and abandoned in. They hit the road while their elders hit each other with murdering weapons.

*The little boy's church was gone but
not his God*

Kim Ki Chong of Hamhung

Condensed from the Chicago *Sun-Times**



THIS is a story about a child who knew how to find peace where men of war around him could find only death and destruction.

He was a ragged, dirty, solemn-faced little lad who lived in Hamhung. Each morning at 10, in the days when we still held that city, the boy would walk past the 1st Marine Air Wing's headquarters and cross the street. There he would pause briefly at the crumbled doorway of a war-ravaged building, then step quickly inside.

The building had once been a church. When the North Korean Reds had pulled out they had smashed and burned it until nothing other than four walls remained.

One morning some of the Marines decided to find out why the boy went into the building. They waited until he arrived.

He looked solemnly at the big Marines on the steps, and said in his missionary-taught English: "Hello. I am Kim Ki Chong. This is the Catholic church of Hamhung."

Then he reached out and touched the gloved hand of the nearest Marine, and motioned for him to follow. Kim reverently removed his straw hat.

The boy dropped to his knees, bowed his head, and closed his eyes. The men stood silently as the blackened shell of the church was turned into a cathedral while a boy talked with his God.

When Kim finished, he arose and smiled at the Marines around him. Then, as quietly as he had entered the church he left, and disappeared down the street. A few days later the Marines were forced to pull out of Hamhung. In their haste, they couldn't find Kim. He didn't show up that morning.

Maybe Kim went south with the great stream of Korean refugees. Maybe he is still in Hamhung. Either way he will be remembered a long time by a lot of tough Marines. As one of them, now in Tokyo hospital, said, "He was such a little tyke, but I guess he knew more about things than all of us dumb grownups put together."

She was torn from the peace of convent life to the horrors of the slave-labor camp but went right on being a Sister

American Nun in Siberia

By MOLLIE McGEE

Condensed from *COR**

THE DAY I met Sister Celine was hot, in the unbelievable heat of Italy in summer. The train was dusty, the carriages old and decrepit. Children stumbled and jostled up and down the narrow corridors, or leaned out of windows trying to get a breath of air. There were more than 100 children, all refugees. This was a refugee train taking them up through Italy, Austria, and Germany to Bremerhaven, where they would embark for new lives and new homes.

Sister Celine was sitting on the wooden bench of a 3rd-class compartment, pillowing two little girls' heads in her lap. They were asleep, lying along the seat, one on each side. Her head was bent drowsily over them, but she was saying her beads, holding her rosary high so that it would not touch their faces and waken them. Then we began to talk quietly, and they went on sleeping.

Her face was expres-

sive, round, and highly colored, but she told her adventures as she might have spoken of ordinary convent happenings, without stressing horror or shame.

Sister Celine was born 45 years ago in the U. S. She was the youngest of seven children of Polish immigrants. She entered the convent at 19. After she had taken her vows she went as teacher of English to her Order's convent in Poland.

During the war the Sisters stayed in their various institutions. But as the situation became worse, and rumors circulated as to the fate of Russian prisoners, they prepared by

collecting civilian clothes and emergency parcels of food. Sister Celine spent seven months waiting with the Community at its main convent, where nuns had been assembled from outlying points. On June 14, 1941, Russian soldiers arrived. They notified the nuns that they must be ready to leave in three hours. The Sisters put on their strange



*Sacred Heart Monastery, Hales Corners, Wis. December, 1950.

dressess, packed small bundles, and waited. There were 29 nuns. At the given time the Russians returned, and escorted them to the railway. There they were packed in freight cars equipped with rough wooden shelves for bunks. There were about 80 women, including the nuns, in their car. The doors were closed and locked and the train started.

Twice a day the doors were opened, and food, consisting of small amounts of dry black bread and herrings, was thrust in. The women nearly died of thirst. The heat was terrific, and only occasional stops were made. The atmosphere was stifling.

The train went on and on, occasionally jerking to a stop and waiting for hours or even days. Finally the doors were unlocked, and the women, most of them so ill they could scarcely stand, were ordered to pick up their belongings and march. They were at Starobiesk in the Ukraine.

Housed in a slave-workers' transient barracks, in the remains of an old stone convent, they were crowded into storerooms with no windows. As they lay awake, overrun by bedbugs, they could hear guards laughing and singing in their quarters, the former chapel. The guards were a depraved group, and finding they had nuns in their charge, they took special delight in marching into the women's rooms at four in the morning and ordering them out. All personal possessions other

THE editors have a letter from the Mother General of the Order to which Sister Celine belongs, requesting that we omit Sister Celine's surname and birthplace, and the name of her Order. This is necessary, the Mother General explains, for the protection of other Sisters who are still in danger.

than the clothes they wore were confiscated.

At the end of two weeks the nuns and their companions were once again herded into freight cars. This time they knew their destination was "behind the Urals, somewhere in Siberia, probably deep in the forests."

During three weeks of travel, the women were let out of their sordid car only once. Heat was unbearable and thirst became agony. They became dazed and finally almost mad, banging on walls and doors, crying for water. A guard finally brought them "red liquid, thick and sour." They did not know what that liquid was.

Cars were unloaded at Sverdlovsk, and though many of the prisoners were half delirious they were pushed into a roadway, ordered to carry their bundles and walk. They staggered 25 miles. Sister Celine remembered little of the journey. "Some fell by the wayside, but our guards were kinder than the last

lot, and the rest of us went on, somehow."

The concentration camp at which they finally arrived was the usual group of wooden huts surrounded by barbed-wire fences, with high, wooden guard towers at each corner. Fires were kept burning outside all night to prevent escapes. Women were collected in one hut, and slept crowded together on platform-like bunks. They had no bedding, and their clothes had been worn to rags. The food consisted of thin soup twice a day, and a daily ration of 400 grams of black bread per person. Each morning before daybreak, men and women were sent to fell trees and build roads.

Four months went by, each day bringing a toll of deaths. Because there were so many casualties, guards received orders that women should have "lighter" tasks. Winter had arrived, the cold was extreme, and the snow deep. Lighter work consisted of gathering branches from felled trees and burning them. It was difficult to get the snow-encrusted, green wood to burn. The women had no gloves, and tore their frozen hands, while smoke blinded them. Frostbite was common.

Sickness increased, for in hope of keeping up their strength the prisoners drank heavily salted water. This caused a condition Sister Celine described as "phegomonina," with symptoms of bloated stomachs, ulcers, and open sores, then

decaying flesh that fell away. There was no medicine. Women, on the whole, appeared to stand the strain better than the men, who were for the most part older, and from the intellectual classes in Latvia, Lithuania, and Estonia.

There was constant petty persecution from guards, who shouted and scolded or ridiculed the Sisters: "You call yourselves nuns. That is a joke in a world where everyone knows there is no God." One woman guard in charge of their group was particularly obnoxious. She took fiendish delight in keeping them waiting for hours to go to the latrine and would make them run in the snow at their work, though they could scarcely walk. "You are not in your lazy convent now," she would scream.

In spite of their surroundings, the Sisters were determined to keep to some small routine of convent life. They arose every morning about three, so that they could have a few minutes of prayer together. On All Souls' day, during their noonday break of work, they sat around a fire and sang the *Dies Irae* and other hymns of the day. Their woman guard stood behind them listening. After a little while they noticed she was crying. Then she surprised them by saying, "You are lucky to have a God and something to hold on to in this world. How fortunate you are." But the next day she was more spiteful and demanding than ever.

At the end of seven months in this camp the Sisters received wonderful news. An amnesty for Polish prisoners had been signed by Stalin and General Sikorsky. They were told they were to be freed, and were asked to what city they would like to be sent. They chose Nijni-Tagil because it was a rail center.

It was January, 1942, and terribly cold. They huddled in the car and tried to think what their next step would be. When the train arrived at their station, their particular car was shifted to the freight yards and, as Sister Celine said, "No one seemed interested in our fate. We had no food, no money, and we did not know where to go." They prayed and hoped. On the third day a railroad commissar came to their assistance. He took them to a community kitchen and bought them soup and bread, then brought them to the secret police. There they were told they must register at the labor exchange, where they would be put on lists as workers.

While they were signing in the exchange, an employer arrived asking for workers for a peat bog. He made a contract with the Sisters as a group. The next day they were taken out to his camp in wagons, and started their new job.

Conditions were better. They lived in whitewashed workers' barracks and had mattresses on their beds. "Nothing but the best for the workers," Sister Celine explained. However, they received no pay.

Only those who achieved more than their set amount of work got any money, and the norm was set so high that it was almost impossible to reach. They were paid in bread cards.

The Sisters worked in two shifts, one in the daytime, one at night. They were provided with special clothing against the intense cold. "I never would have believed, or thought it possible, that I should see a group of nuns in padded cotton trousers, coats, and hats, digging peat. They looked so funny, but it was necessary, and we were grateful," Sister Celine said.

At night it was frequently difficult to find the work area. One night just before Christmas, the night shift of Sisters got lost on their way to work. They walked for miles over shifting snow, blown by the wind, and finally sat by what they thought was the road. At first they laughed at their plight. Then they began to realize how serious it was, and to cheer each other, sang Christmas carols. They began to grow cold and sleepy. Then one of the Sisters gathered them in a close group to pray. After the prayer they set out again, and a few minutes later saw the distant light of the work lantern. If they had stayed or turned back the way they had come, they would have frozen.

The Sisters worked in the peat bog for a year and a half. During this time they came in contact with

the ordinary Russian people, but found that children were afraid of them and grownups disinclined to mix. "The children are taught in school that nuns are immoral women who try to keep people backward by telling them of a non-existent God," Sister Celine explained. The Sisters found the smug attitude of Russians exasperating. "They take it for granted that everything they are or have is the best in the world, that they have established a superior civilization.

"When we first arrived in Russia, women guards in the camps were openly astonished at our clothing and shoes. They thought we wore them for propaganda, and would not believe that these were to be had easily in countries 'outside.' At Nijni-Tagil, when we had nothing, they would not believe that what we told them of our previous lives was true. One woman took us to show us her new stove, as if it were a modern miracle, though it was just an ordinary iron contraption. She explained that it had a special compartment (really the warming oven) for containing clothes so that lice could be baked out. When we said our stoves did not have such a convenience, her reply was a loud laugh and 'You think yourselves cultured; what a lot you have to learn.'"

While the Sisters were working in the bog, General Anders, assembling a Polish army, was trying to

get in touch with Polish prisoners still in Russia. The Sisters received a message to register as Polish citizens, and on Aug. 15, 1943, a Polish soldier arrived at their barracks and informed them they were to travel to southern Russia to join Anders' forces, in one week's time. "We went nearly crazy," Sister Celine said. "The soldier made all arrangements, and we traveled in ordinary trains until we arrived at Polish-army headquarters at Tashkent." But disappointment greeted them. They had missed the last convoy and would have to wait.

They took jobs on collective farms until the day came for their removal. They now had protection. The Polish bishop, in charge of Anders' army chaplains, took them under his care, and they received food and money. Seven months later they were taken to Teheran in Iran. There they took charge of Polish orphans, who had been through dreadful years in concentration camps.

Thousands of Poles were arriving in Iran from Russia, many of them too undernourished to survive. The American colonel who assisted in receiving them has said that he would never forget the sight. "Some just stepped off the train, kissed the ground, and ceased to breathe." There is one cemetery of more than 1,000 Polish graves outside Teheran.

The Sisters were given a house, and once again started convent life. They had charge of 100 orphans

The American and British Red Cross provided supplies. Many of the children improved, but for a pitiful number it was too late. Epidemics, including typhus, spread among the herded refugees, and the Sisters' school grew as the group of parentless children increased.

Polish refugees were given a year's transit visa in Iran. At the end of that time, the British military authorities brought ships into the Persian gulf and transferred them to Mombassa in Africa. The Sisters and their charges were taken to a camp for Polish refugees set up at Morogoro in Tanganyika. They found a friend in the British commandant. With his assistance they organized a school, then a boarding school in the camp. "It was a happy time," Sister Celine said. However, the climate did not agree with the children; many caught malaria, and after six months, the British authorities, in cooperation with Polish forces, established a special Polish children's center at Rongai in Kenya.

There, for the next three and a half years, the Sisters educated the children, and as they grew older, tried to instruct them in ways to earn their living. Girls were trained in needlework and domestic science; boys learned carpentry and mechanics. Some boys were employed in near-by centers.

In 1948 the great mass movement of refugees was started by UN organizations. British authorities ad-

vised those in their African colonies who could be reunited with relatives to join groups going to Palestine, to the Argentine, Brazil, or back to Poland. The Sisters received a message from their Mother General to join parties going to Poland or England. Sister Celine and two other Sisters were, however, to remain with about 100 orphans at a Polish orphanage at Tangeru, Tanganyika, to await transport. In May, 1948, they received word to travel to Italy, leaving their charges with a Polish woman who was to act as the children's escort. A year later, the children, also, came to Italy and to the special children's camp at Salerno. They were given visas for Canada. Just before their journey started, a series of incidents brought to light a sudden interest of the communist Polish government. Two children were kidnaped and taken to the Polish embassy in Rome for questioning, and the trip across Europe held similar dangers. For the children's protection, an envoy joined the train at Rome and stayed on it until it reached Bremerhaven. There Sister Celine, who had come with her former charges from Naples, left them, satisfied that they were on their way to safety and happiness in Canada. She went back to the convent in Rome, hoping, "if it would be God's will," that some day she might go back to the States and perhaps visit the children she had guarded so long.

It's 30 years now and Big Red's records still stand; he won his races by an average of nine and a half lengths

Man O'War

By PAGE COOPER and ROGER L. TREAT

Condensed from a book*

THE MOST persistent bidder for the great race horse, Man o' War, was the late W. P. Waggoner. His casual remark that everything has its price did not endear him to Samuel D. Riddle, the horse's owner. Mr. Waggoner offered \$500,000, then \$1 million. Each time he was told that the horse was not for sale. Finally, when he came into Mr. Riddle's office one day and threw on the desk a blank check with his signature on it, Mr. Riddle gave him a final answer.

"Go to France and bring back the sepulcher of Napoleon from Les Invalides, then to England and buy the crown jewels, then to India and buy the Taj Mahal; then I'll put a price on Man o' War."

Probably no horse in the world has been the subject of so many books, magazine articles, and newspaper comments. He had every-

thing. He could sprint; he could run a distance; he could carry such weight as no other horse had carried; he could run in the rain and the mud or on a hard-baked track that was torture to more sensitive hoofs; he could be rated and controlled, and all these things he did superlatively. Add to these virtues his superb appearance, and you have the well-nigh perfect horse.

It always had been held that the fastest race horse was the one which raced closest to the ground. Thus he could cover space with the greatest economy of motion. But Man o' War had never heard of

this theory, and he ran to suit himself. Slow-motion pictures showed him taking tremendous bounces, arching far above the ground in his enormous strides, with his four feet almost drawn together. But he shattered records so easily that, if horses had been able to read all the amazed



*Man o' War. Copyright, 1950, by the authors. Reprinted with permission of Julian Messner, Inc., New York City 18. 230 pp. \$3.

comment, they would undoubtedly have started a new style in racing.

Mr. Riddle once said, "We do not know to this day how fast Man o' War was, as we were afraid to let him out; knowing his intense speed, we feared he might harm himself." His average winning margin was nine and a half lengths. As for the actual figures: one of his speed records still stands, 30 years after his thundering hoofs raced under silks. He still holds the world's record for one and three eighths miles, which he did in 2:14½ in the Belmont Stakes. Even faster than some of his official records were a few that Man o' War set in training. A two-furlong spurt at Windsor was clocked at 20½, probably the fastest bit of spot running any horse ever has done.

No one will ever know how many visitors came to see him after he was retired. They filled great guest books. But even if the signatures were counted they would mean nothing, for many of his guests forgot to register. Red probably had the world's most famous autograph books. Among the signatures are those of princes and ambassadors. Every day, rain, wind or snow, they came out, chiefly in spring and summer. A continual stream of them came, alone or in parties or as specially invited guests of Mr. Riddle.

Will Harbut was Man o' War's groom. Will was a plump, quiet, uneducated Negro with a toothy

smile. He had a way with horses, and an unsuspected histrionic talent that was to make him almost as famous as Man o' War himself. Always, he worked toward a climax. It was impossible to go to Faraway Farm and see only Man o' War. First, Will conducted the visitors to the other three stallion stalls. The occupants changed through the years, Golden Broom, American Flag, Crusader, Mars, Boatswain, War Admiral, and War Relic. Harbut would point them out one by one and chant their records. Thus he would build up to the high climax, the giant flame-colored horse in the fourth stall. Before that stall, Harbut would straighten himself like a courtier about to enter the royal presence. His knotty hand flicked bits of straw from his clothes, then it swung wide the gate.

"And here he is," he would say, "Man o' War (he always pronounced it 'Mannie Wah') himself."

Man o' War would walk majestically to the door, nuzzle the shoulder of his friend, and look over the throng with his deep, intelligent eyes. His pose was regal and his glance a trifle bored; he had heard Will's spiel many hundred times. Once in a great while he stepped out of his role, and jabbed at Will playfully with his nose. Will would pretend not to notice this lapse from majesty.

"This is Mannie Wah." Will

savored the words as they rolled off his tongue. "Stand still, Red. No, m'am, I'm sorry, but I can't give you no hair out of his tail." Then he would plunge into his spiel, varying it according to his audience. He was a shrewd judge of people, and if he saw that Red's visitors were just curious sight-seers to whom a mile in 1:36 meant nothing more than a figure in arithmetic, he would skimp his talk. When he felt that his audience was composed of true horse lovers he gave them his longer treatment. It went something like this, although each listener reported his own version.

"He was folded right over there at Major Belmont's farm, and Mr. Riddle bought him for \$5,000. Few years ago a man offered Mr. Riddle \$1 million for him and Mr. Riddle say No. Say any man could have \$1 million, but only one man could have Mannie Wah.

"He ran 21 races and he win 'em all but one, an dat time they had him turned sideways at the start and he couldn't quite catch the one that beat him. But he whipped him good every other time they met. Look at the way he stands. He knows who he is all right."

Then followed an account of Red's triumphs, varied according to the audience, winding up with, "He broke down all the records and he broke down all the horses and there was nothing for Mr. Riddle to do but retire him."

Mr. RIDDLE was so confident that Man o' War would outlive him that he set up a trust fund for him. However, Man o' War died first. It was Nov. 1, 1947, of the last of three heart attacks, at Faraway Farm. Mr. Riddle himself died, at the age of 89, only last Jan. 8, at his estate in Glen Riddle, near Media, Pa.

Will had Man o' War's stud record down pat also, touched up only a little here and there for the sake of drama. Of his accomplishments as a sire, his son War Admiral was in Will's eyes the best.

"He won most all the races his daddy won. In the Preakness he went wide and let Pompoon run up to him, den he looked over Pompoon and he said, 'Pompoon, my daddy broke John P. Grier's heart—Come on!'

"Nineteen thirty-eight was a great year for Mannie Wah. His son Battleship won de Gran' National in England and his son Blockade was de best timber hoss—he won de hunt cup up in Maryland.

"Yes, sah, Mannie Wah broke all the records and he broke down all the horses. He's got everything a horse ought to have. He is de mostest hoss!"

Yes, Man o' War was the "mostest hoss." Will Harbut's phrase remains the most perfect tribute to his sovereignty. When the old

Negro rolled it from his tongue and looked at the horse with loving, reverent eyes, the visitors stood entranced.

On Man o' War's 21st birthday he was a hale and hearty middle-aged comparable to a human of 65. To celebrate the occasion, Mr. Riddle gave a birthday party. Most of the sports world was there. Clem McCarthy broadcast the event over a coast-to-coast network.

The horse had outlived most of his children and almost all of his contemporaries. Farm managers came and went; only Will Harbut remained, and he was rheumatic.

In those later years, the character of Red's visitors changed; there were not so many who told Will Harbut how they made a tidy sum the day Red won the Preakness. Now many of the visitors were youngsters who had been crawling about the floor in rompers when Red's pounding hoofs cut the tracks. To them Red was a legend,

a monument, a part of American history. This was especially true during the 2nd World War, when thousands of soldiers in uniform came out to Faraway from the near-by camps. Not one of them had lived early enough to watch Big Red race, but still they wished to see the "greatest horse that ever lived."

And they were not disappointed. Red came to the stall door as he always had, statuesque, magnificent, his coat a little duller perhaps than it had been 20 years ago and his mane and tail a bit faded. But his sharp ears pricked when he heard their voices.

Will Harbut would go into his spiel, but he was tired now, and did not dwell quite so long on Man o' War's record or the accomplishments of his children. But his old eyes still gleamed when he reached the peroration: "He's got everything a hoss ought to have. He is de mostest hoss!"

The Chaplain Takes His Time

HUSKY, merry-eyed Major Stephen T. Mayer, chaplain of the U.S. Military Air Transport Service, was probably the only priest in the world to say two Masses at midnight on Christmas Eve. The Masses were offered at the same hour on the same day 1,800 miles apart—on opposite sides of the international date line.

Such chronological high jinks is old stuff to Chaplain Mayer. In a MATS transport plane he hops the date line between two of his stations—Kwajalein atoll and Johnston island—often enough to squeeze five to eight Sundays into each month. Last Christmas he said Masses at midnight, 9 A.M. and noon at Kwajalein, left at 2:20 P.M. to arrive at Johnston island at 11:30 the night before, in time to start the cycle over again.

Time (8 Jan. '51).

Somebody built shafts and rooms 160 feet down. Why?

Pirate Treasure on Oak Island

By FLETCHER BECK

Condensed from the
*Philadelphia Inquirer Magazine**



A TREASURE that has defied well-equipped expeditions is believed buried on Oak island in Mahone bay, Nova Scotia. Who buried what on the mile-and-a-half-long island? Who were the artisans who designed the subterranean ditches? A host of searchers, including the late Franklin D. Roosevelt, have attempted to find the answers.

Several facts seem to be well established. Some time during the 18th century a pit was dug about 12 feet in diameter and more than 100 feet deep. And well-constructed ditches connect the pit with the ocean 460 feet away. Large wooden containers of metal or coins were placed in the bottom of the pit.

The treasure pit was discovered in 1795, when three young men from the mainland, Smith, Vaughan, and MacInnis, came to the island to do some trapping. They noticed many umbrella-shaped oaks such as grow in South America, red clover, and other plants foreign to Nova Scotia.

Later they came to a massive oak from which part of a huge limb 16 feet above the ground had been sawed off. The top of this stub was deeply scarred, as if a ship's block had at one time dangled there. Beneath this they noticed a depression in the soil, circular, and roughly a dozen feet in diameter.

The three boys were excited. They decided to return the following day with picks and shovels. Early the next morning they started to dig. At ten feet, they found a layer of six-inch oak logs embedded firmly in the sides of the shaft. They removed the timbers, and hoisted another ten feet of earth to the surface. Then came a second flooring of oak. The boys found it was hard work after that to raise the soil. When they had gone down to 30 feet, to another floor, they gave up.

Back in Chester, the boys told their story to an elderly woman. She in turn related how in 1720 the people living along the shores of the mainland observed strange

**Philadelphia, Pa. Sept. 3, 1950.*

39

lights burning on Oak island. Boatmen cruising in the vicinity had seen outlines of pirates silhouetted against giant bonfires. Two fishermen who had been bold enough to go to the island were never heard from again.

The three boys could not interest anyone in their project. But some years later, a Doctor Lynds, of Truro, N. S., attending Smith's wife during a birth, was told the story, and decided to form a company to carry on the search.

Work was started where the boys left off. At 40 feet, the diggers found another floor, and so on at 50, 60, and 70 feet. The 80-foot floor was covered with a thick layer of charcoal and coconut fiber. At 90 feet, a layer of putty, the thick, heavy kind used on old-time ships, covered the oak timbers.

The men came to the next floor at 95 feet. On it was a stone slab three feet long and 16 inches wide, covered with curious hieroglyphics.

Those working at the project tried in vain to decipher the characters. Later the slab was taken to Halifax, where experts failed to unravel the message. From there it was removed to a book-binding shop, where in the course of time the characters were almost obliterated. But the Revd. A. T. Kempton of Cambridge, Mass., did translate them to read: "Forty Feet Below Two Million Pounds Are Buried." Perhaps this strange stone was the key that unlocked

those ditches leading to the ocean.

It was not until the California gold rush of 1849 that a new syndicate was formed, with Vaughan the only survivor of the original workers. Water in the pit rose and fell with the tides. Testing proved it to be sea water. What then? The engineers did some pondering. They went to the little cove, and at low tide set men to work with shovels. A day's work brought to light the fact that the whole beach at some time had been made into a monster sponge with five rock drains, like the ribs of a fan, leading toward a central channel that ran to the money pit.

The engineers thought they had a solution. All they needed to do was block the main channel. But before they could act, a great storm swept away the cofferdam, and the fortunes of the company.

In 1893 a young insurance agent, Frederick L. Blair, of Amherst, N. S., came into the picture. He organized another company, using drills enclosed in a three-inch pipe. Drillings were made all around the main hole until it was established that the treasure chamber was about five feet square and seven feet deep. The chamber was cement lined with wood, and filled with soft metal pieces. A fragment of parchment torn from a sheet came up on the drill. On it were two letters, *vi*. This gave no clue to the document or its age.

Water again filled the shaft. The

engineers decided to pump it as dry as possible, then fill it quickly with red dye. Watchers around the island saw reddish water emerging from the south side, and none appeared in the cove. This was conclusive proof that a second water channel existed.

Six more shafts, ranging in depth from 90 to 160 feet, were put down around the original pit. All failed. Water came in to them as fast as it could be pumped out.

The 1909 attempt is outstanding because a future president of the U. S., Franklin D. Roosevelt, was connected with it. While living at his mother's summer home on Campobello island, New Brunswick, he had heard the story, and was fascinated by the engineering problems involved. He organized a company, including his close friends Frederick Childs, Albert Gallatin, and Duncan G. Harris.

The adventure was planned partly as a lark. On Aug. 18, 1909, Roosevelt and his companions set sail from New York City. They believed the pit might contain the crown jewels of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. When the royal couple fled from Paris they took the fabulously valuable crown jewels with them. Marie Antoinette's lady-in-waiting, who was carrying the jewels, escaped. She is reported to have been traced to Louisburg, Nova Scotia, "the Paris of the western world," which was within easy reach of Oak island.

The fact that these jewels have never appeared strengthens the belief that they remain safely hidden to this day. But where? Oak island? Whatever the true answer may be, the Roosevelt expedition packed up early in the fall and left. The island was still shrouded in mystery.

In 1934, Gilbert Hedden, a retired steel manufacturer, heard of Oak island, and came to investigate. He bought much of the island, and employed Sprague & Henwood, a prominent Pennsylvania firm of mining and drilling engineers. They brought electricity from the mainland through submarine cables. They sank a shaft 155 feet on the original site, and kept the water back with high-speed electric pumps.

Hedden was told that the island on Captain Kidd's map was the same in shape as Oak island. A careful study showed that 16 details of the two islands coincided. A legend on the Kidd map read: 18 West and by 7E on Rock, 30 South West, 14 North Tree & 7 x 8 x 4.

A surveyor was engaged. He ran a line to underbrush that was cleared away, revealing boulders sunk in the ground in the shape of an arrow. This pointed directly at the original money pit.

Excited, Hedden stopped work and went to England to interview the author of the book that had the Kidd map in it. But a short interview proved that the Kidd island was thousands of miles away, in the China Sea.

When the money pit was discovered 154 years ago it was thought to be the work of Captain Kidd. The most popular belief at present is that some Spanish freebooters buried the wealth there in a leisurely manner and that the work was supervised by the finest engineers of that time.

To date, every effort on the part of skillful engineers and modern machinery has failed to solve the mystery. But new devices and techniques promise the possibility of success. The magnetometer developed during the 2nd World War is

a highly sensitive instrument. Hans Lundberg of Toronto says that with this instrument you can spot magnetic fields indicating minerals far underground.

There are reports that a New York engineer plans to use the magnetometer in combination with a fleet of bulldozers. He will, so it is said, move the pit end of the island yard by yard out into the sea. There may yet be a story of how the mysterious sea-guarded vault of Oak island yielded up its treasure after defying all efforts for more than a century and a half.



Building . . .

Two American pilots forced down on a Pacific island during the last war were surprised to discover a neat, clean village where many of the people spoke English. The natives showed them their beautiful Gothic chapel, and behind it a crude jumble of stones and mud. They explained that the latter was their first church, and added, "As we became better Christians, we became better builders."

Walter L. Moore in the *Christian Herald*.



. . . to Stay

A FEW years ago Rio laid out one of the widest streets in the world, the Avenida Presidente Vargas, having first torn down the buildings in an area two blocks wide to clear the way. But one building could not be removed. Public opinion would not permit it. It was the Church of the Candelaria. Today that church stands like an island in the middle of the great thoroughfare.

Geoffrey O'Shea in *Travel* (Dec. '50).

The polyp is ugly but what he builds is beautiful



Living Coral Comes in Colors

By JOHN S. COLMAN

Condensed from a book*

ON the Great Barrier reef of Australia the warm, strong wind is the first thing you will notice. It comes roaring and relentless, and seems to have no beginning and no end. It can blow for weeks on end, day and night, not letting up even at sundown, and never changing in direction.

Look at the reef. Your first impression is one of gray desolation; you are standing on what looks like a rough concrete road some hundreds of yards wide and extending north and south as far as you can see. Nothing grows on it—no trees, bush nor grass; and no sand accumulates. Every now and then a shallow sheet of water and foam sweeps across from the east and disappears to the west, leaving the bare rock exposed again. This is the dead top of the living coral reef, a surface killed by exposure to the sun at low water.

If you examine this surface a bit more closely, you will find that it is not so lifeless as it at first appears to be. The rock is pitted with little holes about a foot apart, each measuring about one inch wide and three deep; at the bottom of every one there lives a purple sea urchin with stout, sharp spines. The urchins spend most of their lives in them, out of the way of the sweeping tides. Then again there are small cracks and pits in the surface; these may contain small seaweeds, and provide a home for the prawn-like squillas. There may also be a few stunted colonies of corals here and there.

The wonder is that anything can survive there at all, for except during the few hours on a few days in the year when the falling tide just uncovers the reef, the whole surface is constantly exposed to the full fury of the Pacific breakers.

*The Sea and Its Mysteries. Copyright, 1950, and reprinted with permission of W. W. Norton & Co., Inc., New York City 3. 261 pp. \$3.75.

Look now at its outermost edge. You can approach to within 20 yards of the breakers themselves. From this point you actually look up at the crest of the next wave perhaps ten feet higher than your head; hundreds of tons of water come charging straight at you, appearing higher and higher, until suddenly the whole mass flattens out into a roaring sheet of water which sweeps past knee-high. The whole situation seems fantastic, unreal.

You may take a more direct look at this outer cliff of coral. In the edge of the reef there are fissures which reach in to where it is safe to stand. You can see down the crack clearly to a depth of ten fathoms. The face of the reef is roughly vertical, and is made up of continuous colonies of living coral. Some of the colonies are large, solid, and round, but many more form great brackets, several feet across, which end in fine antler-like branches. No one knows how far down this cliff extends. Captain Cook found no bottom with 200 fathoms of line when his ship had drifted to within 50 yards of the edge, and there are depths of more than a mile only half a mile out to sea.

The crack through which you have been looking is a crack in a shelf several feet wide which juts out just at the level of low water. Here reef-building corals grow outwards faster than they do lower

down. They form the shelf that you stand on so near the breakers. When the waves meet the reef, they are not tripped up as on a shelving beach but are cut in half, horizontally. The wave ceases to be a wave, in fact, and becomes instead a flat sheet of water, moving fast it is true, but not deep enough to be dangerous.

Now the tide is rising, and it is high time for you to return to your boat on the lee side of the reef. Here the reef consists of isolated coral heads reaching or nearly reaching the surface, and standing in from two to five fathoms of water. These coral heads show beautiful stag-horn shapes of most delicate form. There is nothing to compare with their colors. Great purple antlers with green tips, lemon-yellow bosses a yard or more in diameter, pink, blue and violet brackets—all these are crowded together, yet none of the colors clash. Above all, everything is set against a background of yellow, green and blue, which are the colors of sea water at various depths when the bottom is pure white sand, as it is in coral-reef regions.

You can safely spend a night at anchor in the lee of the reef. Two heavy anchors and plenty of chain will keep the boat from dragging, but the current and wind will roll it abominably all night. By high tide, in the evening, water is eight feet deep on the reef where it was possible to walk earlier in the day.

On leaving this outer barrier reef in the morning, you will first of all have some miles of tortuous navigation through outlying reefs. The region is left completely blank in the Admiralty chart except for the intimidating words: "Unsurveyed; reported to be full of coral reefs."

Actually this reef dodging is quite safe and very entertaining, provided the following rules are rigidly adhered to: 1. The boat must be small and nimble. 2. Your lookout must be on the masthead. 3. Hand signals must be used (the voice is useless against the noise of wind and sea). 4. The boat's course must never lie within 30° of the sun. With the sun behind, you can see the smallest submerged reefs a quarter of a mile away, and can work out the easiest passage between them well in advance; with the sun ahead, the glare keeps you from seeing reefs until you are right on top of them. It is very easy to mistake cloud shadows for reefs; reefs, however, are never mistaken for cloud shadows, which is at times a comforting thought.

There are many kinds of coral. Not all of them can build reefs, and they are by no means restricted to warm seas. There is the small "cup coral" off the coast of Devonshire, for example. It is a polyp with tentacles, mouth, and soft flesh. It builds itself a house of calcium carbonate in which to live, the house being fixed to the rock. Then there is a coral found in the deep, cold

waters of the Norwegian fiords. Those animals form a branching colony, each polyp joined to the rest of the colony by living tissue. But the branching colonies remain separate from one another, and do not coalesce to form reefs.

In the tropics, certain kinds grow with such luxuriance that neighboring colonies fill up all the available space and become welded together in a solid mass of coral rock. This coalesced mass of coral colonies is what constitutes a coral reef. The essential unit of the colony is the individual polyp, which consists of tentacles, mouth, and stomach. When a piece of food gets within reach of a tentacle, minute thread-like stings are shot out which entangle the prey and also paralyze it with poison.

The myth that corals are vegetarians is long-standing. Actually, corals are extremely voracious carnivores. They feed only at night; their digestion is so powerful that they have absorbed their food before daybreak. Corals have no digestive juices capable of dealing with plant tissue.

The food which the reef corals so briskly consume consists of the animals in the plankton, which is often most abundant in the surface waters at night. The plankton animals have only limited powers of movement, and in general they are at the mercy of currents and waves; any current sweeping against a reef will wash against it large num-

bers of plankton animals, which will be caught by the polyps. Indeed, to the plankton the reef is a gigantic sheet of flypaper.

Corals produce eggs and sperms like most other animals, and these are shed into the sea, where the eggs are fertilized. Each fertilized egg develops into a little free-swimming larva known as a planula, about as big as a pin's head, and the planulae drift about as part of the plankton for some days. Some will settle on mud or sand and die. Others drift out into deep water, where they find nothing to settle on at all. But here and there one will find an unoccupied patch of rock, such as the stem of an old colony broken off in a storm, and make a successful landing. Up to this point the planula has had no mouth and has made no skeleton, but soon after settling it is already sitting on a delicate plate of calcium carbonate and has opened up a mouth. The base plate then grows out sideways, and new polyp mouths appear on its surface. Some of these may grow in height and raise themselves up to a pillar of skeleton, then develop lateral branches, and so slowly make up the stag-horn colony typical of so many species.

Shelves of coral sticking out from rocky land occur in many places; they are called fringing reefs. In barrier reefs, the outer face is steep and lies some distance off a shore, from which it is separated by a lagoon. An atoll is really a barrier reef. The reef forms a ring with steep outer face, and surrounds a lagoon. Atolls are invariably surrounded by deep water, usually more than 1,000 fathoms, quite close to the reef edge.

Many theories have been evolved to account for this wonderful series of structures, but the most satisfactory one remains that of Charles Darwin. In the course of his voyage, in the *Beagle* more than 100 years ago, he visited reefs in the Pacific and Indian oceans. As a result, he produced an extremely simple theory to explain the nature of many reefs. He supposed that barrier reefs and atolls occur in regions where an island is, or has been, slowly subsiding. First there is a fringing reef growing out from an island shore; as the island sinks, the edge of the fringing reef continues to grow upwards and forms an atoll above water complete with a lagoon in the center, where the island made of earth used to be.

A CHILD is a bank where you may deposit your most precious treasures—the hard-won wisdom, the dreams for a better world. A child can guard and protect these, and perhaps invest them wisely and win a profit—a larger one than you have ever dreamed of.

Lowville (N. Y.) *Leader*.

This Was the Forest Primeval

By DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

Condensed from a book*



FOR 300 years, till well after the turn of the present century, white pine was unrivaled as a timber-producing tree. No other tree played so great a role in the history of the American people. Fleets were built of its great stands, railroads bent to them. White pine created mushroom fortunes, mushroom cities. Earlier it was a torch in the hands of American liberty. Now it has fallen to a modest place among the conifers.

The hero of this saga stands out in its pagoda-like outline and habit of growth. At all ages, the whorled branches grow in well-separated tiers like successive platforms of a tower. The white pine in aboriginal American forests was perhaps the most abundant species. Over vast areas it formed pure or nearly pure stands. Today in the same localities it is intermixed with spruce, balsam, aspen, hemlock, canoe birch, jack pine. Once they were its humble subjects. Much of Penn-

sylvania and almost all New York was one vast white-pine forest. Pioneers used to say that a squirrel could travel a squirrel's lifetime without ever coming down out of the white pines. When the male flowers bloomed in those illimitable pineries, thousands of miles of forest aisles were swept with the golden smoke of this reckless fertility.

The second growth that is left to us gives little hint of the toppling height of the virgin white pines. Trees 150 feet tall astounded the first settlers and explorers; 80 feet or more of the trunk of such a specimen might be free of branches, marvelously straight and thick. On the present site of Dartmouth college, a specimen 240 feet high was measured.

This height would surpass anything in the eastern U. S. and would do credit to Douglas fir of the West, and even the redwood. Similar heights were recorded from Maine, Quebec, and both eastern

*A Natural History of Trees. Copyright, 1948, 1949, 1950 by the author. Copyright, 1950, by Paul Landacre. Reprinted with permission of Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston 7, Mass.

and western New York, in pioneering times.

White pine was the first gold New England settlers struck. Exploitation began immediately, so intensively as to require our first forest-conservation laws. Wastefulness began with the first mill, built about 1623, at York, Maine, and never ceased while the virgin timber lasted. Aside from fish and fur, timber was the only great export of early New England. Within 30 years she was selling her white pine not only to England but to Portugal, Spain, Africa, the West Indies, even densely forested Madagascar.

Tropical timbers lack the qualities of lightness and softness in which white pine excels. Softest of all the pines of eastern America, it is strong in proportion to its weight. No wood light enough and strong enough for masting was grown in Europe in such lengths. England, mistress of the seas, had no mastwood at all. She pieced her proudest masts out of Riga fir (Scots pine—*Pinus sylvestris*) but England was dependent on Prussian, Russian, and Swedish monopolies. The first white pine mast was a sensation in the Navy board.

A great three-cornered trade was set up when, in all-oak ships of their own building, New England merchants exported white pine to the Guinea coast of Africa, shipped on a load of slaves, sold them in the West Indies, loaded up with

sugar and rum, and raised sail for Portsmouth, Boston, Newburyport, or Salem. Of the wealth from white-pine boards were built the quiet mansions of the seaport cities. As tastes grew more sumptuous, light, utilitarian pine was exchanged for heavy Santo Domingo mahogany to be made into early American furniture.

More and more New England sailing ships were decorated by the famous American wood carvers with figureheads of a special white pine. The woodsmen called it pumpkin pine, in contrast with the coarser-grained sapling pine. The distinction was profound. Sapling pine had more sapwood, and its trunk tapered more from base to crown, while the pumpkin grew on uplands, and "held its contour better." Botanists and foresters today believe the difference was a matter of age. Pumpkin is now almost unobtainable; it was a product of centuries of undisturbed virgin-timber growth.

Few historians mention it, but white pine was one of the chief economic and psychological factors in the gathering storm of the American Revolution. William and Mary by decree began to reserve the grandest specimens for the Royal Navy. In her desperate timber shortage, and her endless wars to keep the seas, the mother country naturally looked on aghast when pioneers went into the "crown lands" or royal domain to chop

down the finest trees along with the least, simply to farm the land.

Land appeared to the Americans then (as the wilderness would for centuries) as theirs for the taking. So one proclamation after another was made to restrain the colonists from what was called timber stealing on one side of the Atlantic, and on the other was practically considered the Lord's work. The king's broad arrow on his trees infuriated the pioneer, as the Stamp and Townshend acts infuriated the merchants, as the tax on tea the city dwellers. He chopped them down, obliterated the blaze, sawed the giants into smaller lengths, and floated them down the Connecticut river to New London or some other Sound port for sale and export, perhaps to England's enemies.

The crown retaliated in 1761 with severe penalties. A spy system was set up, with the spy to receive the land grant of the lawbreaker. In retaliation, the pioneers disguised themselves as Indians, and did their cutting at night. A law decreed that all who cut trees in disguise should be flogged. But American officers would not arrest nor would juries convict nor judges impose sentences. British agents drove the loggers from their homes and burned their sawmills, but the loggers had their own law, "swamp law" they called it, and it was not healthy for agents unaccompanied by troops.

When the storm broke in 1774, Congress stopped the export of

everything, mastwood included, to Britain. After Lexington had been fought, the lumbermen were patriots, to a man. A British agent and his mastwrights were captured on the Kennebec, with several masts. When the armed ship *Canseau* sailed into Falmouth to protect a Tory rigging and fitting the mast ship *Minerva*, Maine men drove her off. In revenge, the British flattened Falmouth with shot. Down at Portsmouth, the patriots seized the great masting pools on Strawberry Bank. After Bunker Hill, the British fought with heavy, jointed masts of Riga fir, while coasting within sight of pines that would have enabled them to meet the French on equal terms.

The first flag of our forces bore for its emblem a white-pine tree. Out of Portsmouth, Nov. 1, 1777, sailed the *Ranger*, under Capt. John Paul Jones, fitted with three of the tallest white-pine masts that ever went to sea.

Independence won, the New Englanders turned to their pineries as their richest natural resource. The industry built fortune after fortune, acquired by ruthless exploitation, spent, in many a case, with the highest benevolence. It evolved ever new methods, ever higher efficiency, including efficiency at lobbying and holding the forces of conservation at bay.

Most white pine grew in a region of heavy snowfall, so that the logs could be inexpensively sledged with

oxen power to the river. The abundance of rivers made transportation inexpensive. The extreme lightness of white pine makes it easy to float. The great abundance of the forest, the continuity of its stands, made it possible to develop a concentrated industry, with mass production and mass marketing, and correspondingly cheap rates to consumer.

White pine, more than any other tree, built this nation, literally and figuratively. The uses of white pine range from the paneling of fine old colonial interiors to the famed bobsleds of New England, from hobby horses to the 72 million board feet of this now precious wood which was still being split into matches in 1912. (Western white pine has now taken over the burden of matchwood.) As of 1805, according to François Michaux, half a million American homes had been built of white pine. They were the frame houses so typical from Maine to Florida, and west as far as white pine was ever shipped on the treeless plains. The houses were viewed with amazement by foreigners, accepted complacently by natives. No other wood served as well for window-sash material, for it could be moved at a touch of the hand, yet did not warp. No other furnished such great clear boards for doors and interior finish. In millwork, white pine reigned supreme. It was the favorite material for looms, since the weaver must lift or lower

the heddle for every thread. Because it is so light, smooth, easily planed and polished, it went into untold amounts of cheap furniture. It takes paint and gilt better than almost any rival.

The amount of shingles made of this pine for American roofs is beyond calculation. In 24 years, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota produced 85 billion of them. For two centuries they were hand-split. An expert (and he was indeed an artist at his profession) could rive 500 a day and earn \$1 doing it. He professed to know when a given specimen in the forest would rive well, but if he had any doubt he whacked out a big block from the standing tree to test its splitting qualities. If they were unsatisfactory, he simply left the tree to bleed its resin from the cut, providing thereby a wick that would ignite the tree to its crown in the next woods fire. "The pioneer custom in Kentucky of killing buffaloes for their tongues," say William Hall and Hu Maxwell,* "was little more wasteful than the primitive white-pine shingle maker's procedure. He used only the choicest parts of pine trees. The sapwood, the knots, much of the heart, and practically the whole trunk above the first 20 feet was left in the woods to rot. It was not unusual to sacrifice a 3,000-foot tree to get 1,000 shingles—throwing

**Uses of Commercial Woods of the United States. II. Pines. Forest Service Bulletin 99. 1911.*

away about fourteen-fifteenths and using one-fifteenth. The introduction of shingle-making machinery put a stop to that enormous waste, for the saws could make shingles of knots, slabs, tops, cross grains, and all else, from stump to crown."

The famed covered bridges of America were built of white pine because of its long-lasting qualities and its lightness. Of this wood was built the bridge over the Charles, connecting Boston and Cambridge, the same on which John Marshall passed his momentous decision in the Charles River Bridge case, dealing a blow at monopoly. The Delaware River bridge at Trenton (where Washington had crossed through ice floes) and the aqueduct for the State canal over the Allegheny river at Pittsburgh were white-pine structures. This aqueduct, considered a miracle of its day, was 16 feet wide, 1,020 feet long; with seven spans.

"Some bridges were marvels of efficiency," say Hall and Maxwell. "Extra-large timbers were unnecessary, and though slight in appearance, they carried every load that came during periods often exceeding half a century. They were roofed, usually with white-pine shingles, and were weatherboarded with white pine or yellow poplar, and though painted only once or twice in a generation, they stood almost immune from decay."

All the great rivers of northeastern America, except the Hudson

with its alternating tides, were choked at one time or another with tremendous rafts of logs, each bearing its owner's mark or brand, like cattle going to market. The longest haul was from the pineries of Pennsylvania, 200 miles above Pittsburgh, to New Orleans, 2,000 distant by the windings of the streams. One raft that passed Cincinnati covered three acres, and contained 1½ million feet of pine, valued at \$5 a thousand feet in Pittsburgh, at \$40 a thousand in the Creole capital. When the timber was gone, the farmer presumably took over the land about 25 years later.

Actually, much of the land could never be profitably farmed. Between the millions of stumps it was acid or rocky; in place of the forest giants of yesterday spring up the aspen and spruce, brambles and fireweed. Too often the end came in fire and smoke. Forest fires in northern Michigan in the 1890's sent palls of smoke 200 miles over Lake Michigan to Chicago. The Peshtigo fire in Wisconsin killed more people than the Great Fire of Chicago that began on the same day. The story of what happened to Hinckley, Minn., is an almost unreadable record of human agony. The end was miles of ashes, like a landscape of hell, or ghost towns, or sawdust piles.

By 1900 there was no virgin white except in the southern Appalachians. Trees 150 feet tall were then known there. At Shady Valley, Va.,

the yield reached an all-time record, for the South, of 100,000 board feet of white pine to the acre. So here the industry turned for a last skid to the mills. But old-time lumber-jacks of Bangor or Alpena followed the lumber barons and the saws to the "big sticks" of Oregon. The Appalachians industry developed with local resident labor; no great lumber camps evolved. Everything characteristic of North Woods lumbering was lacking; there was no snow, there were no rivers capable of carrying big logs, no great central mills. Instead, steep inclines, narrow-gauge railroads, migratory mills, and stationary labor created a pattern far less picturesque, though not lacking in effectiveness.

The wood, too, was different. Appalachian white pine is heavier and coarser, with a somewhat reddish color. In consequence, it has never commanded the price of the best northern pine. The southern boom in white pines lasted from

1900 to 1915. Today the stand of white pine is in the neighborhood of 14 billion board feet in the U. S. and 8,700 million in Canada. Maine, one of the first states to lose its first position in white-pine production, is again the leading region in the U. S. The second growth has, after nearly a century, reached maturity.

The glory and tragedy of the white-pine epic had its lessons, and its lasting results. The boom was, in the nature of historical factors and economic and social pressures, inevitable. The "bust," by dramatizing the situation as in the case of no other American tree, roused public opinion for conservationists who had fought for 20 years without allies. Though public opinion came too late to save the virgin white pine, it made itself felt just in time to save the great forests of the western states, to back Theodore Roosevelt and the Forest Service and National Parks in their battle for timber conservation.



Cross Purposes

HERE is the latest being whispered up the Danube. It concerns an experiment by Trofim Lysenko, shrewd Soviet biologist, whose views on the all-importance of environment are endorsed by the Politburo. In his satellite laboratory, Lysenko succeeded in cross-breeding a cow and a giraffe. The resulting product grazes in Bulgaria and is milked in the Soviet Union.

Current History (May '50).

*Forced feeding and breeding of bureaucrats have produced
5 million of them in our country*

Government: the Bigger the Worse

By THOMAS H. BARBER

Condensed from a book*

AMERICANS reading 18th-century history are inclined to laugh at the splendid, idle, worthless and parasitic courts of Europe. But those courts cost their countries very little compared to the cost of our 20th-century American bureaucracy. Moreover, there is a danger in an army of bureaucrats that was absent from the great courts. It is the danger of too much government.

Every bureaucrat has really two jobs. His most serious, though merely implied, task is that of getting votes for his political party. This, from his point of view, is his real job. On it depends his advancement.

His other job is the one he is hired to do. In the federal government the pay of an executive grows with the number of his subordinates. This leads to rivalry, as each

petty chief increases his "empire." He deliberately multiplies paper work. He calls for reports on every subject connected with his job. He issues enormously complicated memoranda. All must be routed so that almost every scrap has to be read and initialed by everyone in the office. Each decision must be discussed by a number of interlocking committees before it is acted upon. The bureaucrat requires that no paper be thrown away, but that all shall be cross-indexed and filed. He has stenographic reports made of all interviews. Often he has them mimeographed and circulated to be read and initialed. By these methods it is quite easy to take an amount of work that could be done easily and efficiently by three men and two stenographers, and blow it up so that it can keep 200 people extremely busy. Uncompleted work

*Where We Are At. Copyright, 1950, and reprinted with permission of Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City. 255 pp. \$3.

gives him an apparently sound excuse for more clerks. They increase his prestige and his pay.

During the war there was a government department whose work could have been done effectively by about 20 persons. It was run by a man with a bureaucratic soul. He asked for written opinions from everybody on all kinds of subjects. He had everyone else read and initial those opinions. He was always intensely busy himself, even at night; and he kept constantly increasing his department till he got it up to 200. This made him very important. All the 200 were so busy carrying out his regulations that they were in a constant sweat and confusion. They had no time to think, and the essential work for the war effort suffered dreadfully. He was rewarded and transferred to a more important job.

He was succeeded by a pleasant gentleman who had less ambition but who wanted the essential work done. He spent about half an hour in his office each morning the first week, as against 12 hours a day by his predecessor. From 9:30 to 3 he walked around the office talking and cracking jokes with the help. Then he played golf. At the end of the week he fired about 50 of the 200 people, apparently at random. The work lessened considerably for the remaining ones. There was much discussion of the upheaval. It was generally decided that he had fired the 50 whom he

was certain he would not ever like.

About a week later, 50 more were fired. This time the ax apparently fell on those he thought he did not like. The work for the rest lightened enormously.

Shortly thereafter about 50 more were let out. These, it was said, where those he was not sure he liked. With three quarters of the force eliminated there was practically nothing left but the essential work to do. This was done efficiently in about half a day by the 50 remaining, far more efficiently than it had been done by the original 200.

The old gentleman, being now surrounded only by those he knew he liked, felt he had done enough. He was generally in his office for an hour or an hour and a half a day. Then he evaporated. The employees had time to think and were not in one another's way.

Businessmen are trained to accomplish the maximum of work with the minimum of effort and labor. They are paid for getting results with the least money, because they are always up against the natural economic law. Bureaucrats are trained to use as much help as possible in accomplishing their work, so that thereby they can line up as many votes as possible. The objectives are quite different.

If a bureaucrat's office regulates private enterprise, he can increase the work of his department by sending questionnaires to the busi-

nesses controlled. Questionnaires do make much work and require a great deal of help in his department. Incidentally, they distract the businessmen from their business, to its great detriment. Furthermore, they make each large business employ a small army of statisticians.

The cost of the statisticians should be regarded as government expense. For although they are paid by the individual businesses, they are made necessary by government. Their cost is a form of tax imposed by the government on the concerns that must maintain them.

Bureaucrats, like most of the rest of us, associate chiefly with people in their own line of business. Also like the rest of us, they are apt to talk a good deal about their business and how to improve it. From their point of view, improving it consists in increasing the amount of government "service." They constantly hear one another say that the public needs and wants some additional service. Finally they believe it.

For a long time our bureaucracy was operated under the spoils system. The name is derived from the classic slogan: "To the victor belong the spoils." In former days, all appointments to the bureaucracy were made by the political party in power. When that party was defeated, all the bureaucrats in office were immediately thrown out and their places were filled by faithful heelers of the victorious party. It

DIRECTORS of RFC, the government's big lending agency, after starting out to save \$1 million by cutting field offices from 31 to 10, have now added \$300,000 to prospective expenditures through an increase in offices from 31 to 37 in order to meet political pressure for more jobs.

U. S. News & World Report (12 Jan. 51).

was not a very noble system. It often got incompetent people into office. About the time the new incumbents had learned their jobs, they were thrown out by the next election. The system did have certain virtues, however. It prevented anyone from becoming a bureaucrat for life and so losing completely the point of view of the man on the street. It also permitted the elected officials to reward their political workers by changing, instead of increasing, the bureaucracy.

Its defects, however, were so glaring and annoying that as time went on Civil Service laws were passed. Once in the civil service, the incumbent was there for life, or during good behavior. Elected officials, to reward their political workers, now had to devise new jobs for them instead of turning over jobs vacated by defeated opponents. The result, of course, has been a great increase in the number of jobs, and thus in taxes. Furthermore, under the Civil Service laws, appointees

became members of the bureaucracy for life. Thus the bureaucrats were given a strong incentive to organize and form a powerful bureaucratic lobby. Because of their political influence this became very powerful indeed.

With all these human tendencies at work and no conscious effort being made to control them, the bureaucracy grew fairly rapidly. By the beginning of the 1st World War it was far too big, but it was not the enormous economic burden it has since become. It was not a great power in the land. In 1916 there was one federal employee for every 208 citizens, instead of one for every 43 as there is today.

Up till the 1st World War, voters regularly "turned the spenders out" and put in an "economy administration." This restraint held the bureaucracy within reason. It was shortly to be removed.

In 1913, the 16th Amendment gave the federal government authority to tax incomes directly. One effect was to remove a great part of the cost of government from the general public and to place it on rich men who were so few that they had no political power. Their howls of protest evoked only howls of laughter. The bureaucracy proceeded to grow and spread like a jungle vine.

The income tax coupled with the Civil Service law was a gift from heaven to the bureaucrats. The Civil Service law gave them a life

tenure of their jobs and welded them into a class. The income tax brought the elected officials enough money to increase their numbers vastly. They could now pay their political workers with jobs. The bureaucracy had vast funds to spend. Therefore vast power. They were the boys who had accomplished the election of the legislators. This did not detract from their power to get legislation favorable to themselves. Shortly they organized themselves closely.

Soon the bureaucrats as a class began to get unpopular with the citizens, who did not like the way they were being restrained and ordered around by public officials. The bureaucrats dimly sensed this and very quietly began organizing "publicity bureaus," that is, propaganda bureaus, to "educate the public" into believing in the divine wisdom and beneficence of the government in managing everything and everybody. These official propaganda agencies developed enormously during the 2nd World War. In March, 1947, according to the *New York Journal*, the federal government was spending \$75 million of the taxpayers' money per annum on this sort of deception, and employing some 43,000 bureaucrats on the unsavory work.

Some time in the early part of the century, some bureaucratic genius invented the system of having the larger echelons of government bribe the smaller ones to incur

heavy expenses by offering to share part of the expense. For instance, the State Board of Education will tell the school districts that if a school district will build a school-house of a certain expensive type, and hire a certain number of teachers of a certain designated class, janitors, and so on, the state will then meet one-half of these expenditures. Of course the state demands supervision and control, and a great many reports. But it appears to the citizens that they are getting something for nothing, and they generally vote for it with enthusiasm. They forget they are taxed for half the expenses as residents of the school district, and for the other half as citizens of the state. They do not get half for nothing; in fact, they pay exorbitantly for what they do get.

In this way the 5 million bureaucrats in the country are being or-

ganized into a single force under the command of one man. The bureaucrats of the higher echelons of government are coming to control those of the lower, and the bureaucrats of the highest echelon, the federal government, are completely under the hand of the President.

Before it is too late it may be well for us, the American people, to check this novel and growing system of ours. Five million people, all in the government and all under the control of one man, is quite a severe threat to our liberty.

The number of our state and local officials increased from 1,934,800 shortly before the war, to 3,858,000 shortly after it. And we must add to this the 3 million in the federal service. This vast horde is engaged primarily in restricting and taxing every group in the country for the alleged benefit of each group in it. Is it worth it?

Words . . .

DON'T call me a rat, a goose, a sight, a hen or a cat. But call me a mouse, a duck, a vision, a chick or a kitten and I will love it—and you.

Workman (Dec. '50).



. . . and Meanings

How often, in ordering junior to behave, has "Mind your *p's* and *q's*" trickled off your tongue. Years ago, many English pubs kept posted, in a conspicuous place about the barroom, a list of their credit customers, noting the *p's* (pints) and *q's* (quarts) for which payment was due. Thus, during an evening of enjoyment, were the barkeep to think his customer was overstepping his credit, he would remind him to "mind his *p's* and *q's*!"

Frederick Arnold in the *Catholic Home Messenger* (Jan. '50).

There is no greater picture because there is no greater subject

The Greatest Film I Ever Made

By CECIL B. DeMILLE

Condensed from the Los Angeles Examiner*

RECENTLY a young newspaperman asked me, "What is your favorite among all your pictures?" How is a director to answer that? If he chooses his last picture his motives are suspect. If he chooses his first he is giving in to sentiment. It is a difficult question, but I have the answer. It is not mine. Will Rogers voiced it years ago, with his usual genius for brevity which no one has ever been able to match.

He had just seen *The King of Kings*. He wrote, "You will never make a greater picture because there is no greater subject."

That was something of what we felt when we set about to put the story of Christ on film. The Gospels furnished the text and we were merely the instrument. Will Rogers may know now how eminently right he was. In the 23 years since his prophecy, *The King of Kings* has played somewhere in the world every week. It is estimated that 600 million people have seen the picture, largely without charge to audiences in recent years.

We invited several clergy-

men and religious leaders to the studio for prayer services at the start of the first day of filming, Aug. 24, 1926. Present on the set were a Protestant bishop, Jewish rabbi, Catholic priest, Christian Scientist, Presbyterian and Baptist ministers, a Salvation Army teacher, a teacher of the Mohammedan sect, and a Buddhist swami. A prayer began each day's work on the set. Smoking was banned. I asked the principals to remain away from parties and night clubs during the four-month period of production.

I also felt that H. B. Warner, portraying Christ, should take his meals alone at the studio and not enter the studio commissary. War-



ner, a splendid actor, was magnificent both on the sets and off. Not once in the course of the picture did he vary or falter in his acknowledgement of the spirit of the part he was playing.

During Lent, the 600 available prints of *The King of Kings* reach their greatest circulation. In remote regions the Paulist Fathers have shown it to audiences who have seen no other picture. Missionaries have taken prints in canoes up the Ganges and the Congo. A missionary in India, who replaces his old print every three years, reports he has shown the picture to 125,000 persons.

The picture's titles have been translated into 23 languages, including Chinese, Turkish, Arabic and Hindustani. A theater owner in Bombay recently asked permission to synchronize the picture with Indian music.

In England, there is a law prohibiting representation of any Person of the Holy Trinity in a place of public amusement. This prevented our showing *The King of Kings* there until, at our request, six bishops of the Church of England saw the picture privately and withdrew the ban against public screenings.

The picture is not shown publicly in Iraq and Iran, but private showings are permissible in the Christian churches under sponsorship of the Syriac church.

An audience of more than 30,000

saw it in Inchon and Seoul, South Korea, in May of last year. A 16-mm. print has been sent to Iceland as the outgrowth of showings there during the war. Recently, Emperor Haile Selassie requested a print.

The late Dr. Watson of the American university at Cairo told Mrs. DeMille and me this story during a visit in Cairo. A screening of *The King of Kings* was arranged at the university for Moslems and Christians. The Moslems were seated at one side of the theater and the Christians at the other. The picture had been running for more than an hour when the call of the muezzin was heard. It was an embarrassing moment. The Moslems, quick to avoid anything that might be considered the slightest discourtesy, were unexpectedly faced with the problem of correct procedure. After a moment of indecision one of the Moslems rose and faced the east, and soon was followed by all the others. The picture was stopped and the Christians waited quietly. In a few minutes, when the prayer was over, the Moslems returned to their seats and the story of the life of Christ proceeded.

Dr. John A. Badeau, president of the American university of Cairo, told me of the woman who walked 20 miles with her two children so that at least once in their lifetime they could see the Christ story. He told of natives so moved by the story of Jesus unfolding before their eyes that they went up and kissed

the screen where the feet of Jesus had walked—a mark of adoration performed not far from the place where 2,000 years ago others had reached out to touch the hem of His garment.

During the revolution in Mexico, when the churches were closed and the clergy removed, Catholics went to theaters showing *The King of Kings* on Sundays, since they could not go to Mass. The low hum of voices praying on rosary beads filled the theater as the story unfolded.

Among the considerable number of letters I have received through the years, there is one I will never forget. It was written by a woman who said she saw *The King of Kings* while reclining on a stretcher wheeled into a public theater. She was suffering from an incurable disease and did not have long to live—perhaps only a few days. The letter then said, "Seeing *The King of Kings* has changed what must happen in a few days from a terror to a glorious anticipation!"



Human Highlights

ALTHOUGH no one had observed him, John J. Bailey, Memphis realtor, after running a red light showed up in court and handed the bureau clerk \$5 for the fine. "I don't have a traffic ticket," he told the clerk, "but I'm just as guilty as though a dozen policemen saw me run the light."

Stanley Zakrewski, naturalized barber of New York City, bequeathed \$100 to the U. S. Government "in appreciation of the privilege given to me to become a citizen of the U. S. and of enjoying the liberties and opportunities which this country has given me."



When Justice of the Peace Arnold Lajines, Monroe, Mich., said, "That'll be a \$5 fine plus \$4.30 costs, brother," he wasn't being smart-alecky. The defendant was his brother, Clayton.



Noticing that many people parked in front of his place of business fumbled in their pockets for change to feed parking meters, J. T. High, Tuscaloosa, Ala., put \$5 in small change in a cigar box, set it out, and hung up a sign telling shoppers to make their own change. A week later he counted the money—still exactly \$5.

Harold Helfer.

The answer may well be "No, thanks!"

Go Climb a Mountain!

By FERDINAND C. LANE

Condensed from a book*

TO THE born mountaineer, climbing is second nature. For him a rock cliff is a challenge; a treacherous snow slope a problem whose solution is a joy. He loves mountains, and the conquest of steep or lofty crags is life's supreme achievement.

Mountaineering has developed a regular technique. Equipment must be right. The ice ax must be the right size for you. Clothing must be carefully selected. There is a "best way" to *rappel*, or rope down, a sheer cliff. You have to know how to slide down a snow slope; you keep one knee slightly bent, grasp the axhead, and brake with the handle.

You have to be ready for emergencies. If you slip on a rocky slope, be nonchalant. The fact that you are approaching a precipice with a sheer drop of 3,000 feet should cause you no undue concern. Roll over on your face, the

better to grapple with the situation. Repel the impulse to drive your ax into some cleft as a check, for if you do, the handle may be wrenched from your grasp. Hold the ax against one shoulder, allowing it to scrape along, not too hard, until your downward motion is arrested. A snowy slope demands a different technique. Here the ice ax is useless, as it will not hold in snow. Roll over on your back and kick your heels gently and intermittently into the snow. That's the best way.

The ice ax superficially resembles a pick-ax, and is used for cutting steps in ice, as a walking cane and all-round tool, as well as a brake in descending snow slopes. To lose one's ice ax is a breach of mountaineering etiquette, and climbers have even risked their necks being lowered into deep crevasses to recover an ax. An ice ax upon the heights of Everest is the only me-



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A young Italian churchman, destined to become Cardinal Ratti, was an enthusiastic mountaineer, and, as Pope Pius XI, still loved the snowy peaks which form the northern boundary of his native land. He said, "The ascent of a mountain is not a matter of wantonness. It is a matter of caution and courage, strength and endurance and morals, together with a sense of the beauty of nature when it is wild and imposing and sublime."

mento yet discovered of George Mallory and A. C. Irvine, who died in their final assault upon that summit.

Rock climbs once impossible are now negotiated by the use of iron spikes called pitons, with special ropes and loops. To drive the piton into a rock crevice demands a special hammer, which you have to carry along. Rock climbing is usually performed by parties roped together. In solo ascents the hazards increase.

The most famous bit of rock-work in the world is the Mummery Crack up the Grepon, in the Alps, a granite wall with a sheer drop of 3,000 feet on one side, 5,000 on the other. This needle looks, and for a long time was considered, impossible. Against a sheer wall a detached slab rests, forming a narrow crack. It is named for A. F. Mummery, who conquered it in 1881. He was

accompanied by the veteran guide Alexander Burgener, and an acrobatic young native, B. Venetz, who seems to have led the ascent. Later, Mummery ascended, guideless, and called it "the toughest bit of rock climbing I ever attempted."

Miriam O'Brien Underhill, who in 1928 was the first woman mountaineer to lead a party up the fissure, told in the *National Geographic* how she did it. "The crack is climbed by jamming the right hand and the right foot into the crack and alternately raising them, first supporting the weight on the foot and working the hand higher; then holding everything on the jammed fist and lifting, and again wedging the foot. The left hand feels over the outside of the slab, clinging, as Mummery says, 'to slight discolorations in the rock.' The left foot, useless, swings in the air."

At the bottom, the crack overhangs slightly, so that the climber is leaning backward. About halfway up, however, a tiny outslipping shelf offers a rest. Above, the crack is wider but still difficult. There is some danger of getting stuck, hence the climber must not jam too far into the crack but stay outside where it is "safer."

Ordinary rock climbing is done entirely with the hands and feet, and since the legs are much stronger, wherever possible the hands are used mainly to "steer with." Hugging the rock is natural, but dangerous. The use of elbows or knees is

decried by experts. The freedom of the squirrel is always to be copied.

Correct posture is vital. An animal in motion is natural and graceful, an example to every rock climber. Muscular rhythm must be maintained. A quarter-inch crevice of yielding rock, which would not support a hanging body, may serve as a swinging hold to another more secure. A study of such holds and a correct appraisal of strata, which may be crumbling, yet strong enough, is also essential.

Groups of three are best adapted to rock climbing. The ace climber leads on the ascent, is last on the descent. Coming down, the second-best man leads. On hazardous places, only one man moves at a time, the others belaying the rope. If the leader slips, he falls twice the length of the intervening rope before the man next in line can possibly stop him, and the latter may also be dragged to his death. Hence the lead is the post of danger and responsibility.

The descent may be more difficult than the ascent. Here, roping off, or, to be more technical, rappelling, is often used. Down a sheer rock wall one merely leans upon the rope and slides down backward. To thus back off into space, over a half-mile drop, requires some resolution. In descending from an overhanging "lip," one lets go the rope to save his knuckles and grabs it just below. Here a momentary delay in clutching the rope would

result in regrettable consequences.

Upon the famous ice wall that flanks Everest, Mallory and his comrades wormed their way up a vertical chimney 60 feet high and just wide enough to allow a human body to squeeze through. According to the veteran Dr. Longstaff, "This was not pulling the whiskers of death. These folk climbed in between his clenched teeth." The expedition had to cut about 2,000 steps in the ice, up a nearly vertical ascent of 1500 feet, and had to stretch some 300 feet of hand rope attached to pegs up the steeper surfaces, zig-zagging meanwhile to avoid setting off an avalanche. Of this cliff, Capt. John Noel wrote, "To anyone standing below, the ice cliff looms so terrifying, so sheer with its yawning crevasses, that it looks too terrible a thing ever to propitiate. But it has to be climbed."

Some feats of recklessness by mountaineers are clearly foolhardy. Such, in particular, were certain German and Austrian attempts to conquer the tremendous precipice of the Eiger in Switzerland. This mountain, truly named the Ogre, rises to a height of 13,042 feet. It is not high compared with other Alpine crests, to say nothing of the hoary giants of the Himalayas. But one frowning face is an almost sheer cliff thousands of feet high which presents rock climbing that approaches sheer impossibility.

Up this terrible ascent a number of climbers have exhausted every

art of cragsmanship and displayed heroism never excelled, only to pay for such rashness with their lives. They were urged on by Hitler, in his efforts to arouse the Germanic people from the despondency of defeat. In them the ambition of the mountaineer was urged beyond the bounds of reason.

On August 21, 1935, Karl Nehring and Max Sedlmayr started up the Eigerwand. They carried many pitons and ropes to bind themselves to the wall at night. Four days later they were observed by watchers through telescopes, but whether they still lived was uncertain. Storms intervened, and when rescue guides eventually approached the place they found only one of the victims, his body lashed upright against the rock, frozen and half covered with snow.

In the face of that stark tragedy, the very next year, four other mountaineering fanatics attacked the Eigerwand. All were under 28. They numbered two German soldiers, Andreas Hinterstoisser and Anton Kurz, and two Austrians, Willy Angerer and Edward Ranier. Warned of the peril which faced them, one of the party remarked grimly, "The wall is ours or we stay on it."

The four young men took many pitons and an unusual supply of rope. The weight of this equipment cut down food supplies. They had succeeded in ascending several thousand feet when they were stopped

by an ice-coated overhang 700 feet high. Across this bulge they tried to work their perilous way. Intermittently, as weather permitted during the next three days, they were watched through telescopes. July 21, Angerer attempted to rope down the cliff. Hinterstoisser detached himself from the loop to provide his companion with more rope, an act which proved his undoing. He slipped; the coil, looping over his companion's body, nearly wrenched Angerer's head off. Both men plunged downward, and the sudden pressure of the rope so crushed Ranier against the wall that, weak from exposure, he died within a few minutes. That left Anton Kurz to spend his fourth night lashed to that grisly cliff with the bodies of three dead companions hanging about him.

Rescue guides made a precarious traverse across the cliff the following day, to a point beneath him, but could go no farther. They shouted instructions to the young man marooned above, and, as far as his ebbing strength permitted, he tried to comply. Not only was he weakened by an exposure to which the average man would long since have succumbed, but he had only one hand to work with, as the other was frozen.

By repeated blows with his ice ax he finally cut free the corpses of his dead companions, which fell thousands of feet into the depths. This done, he managed to hoist a

rope from the would-be rescuers 150 feet below. To do this and unite the rope ends took him three hours. Then he began his desperate descent. Slowly, hour after hour, the painful journey progressed. At last, when so near that the leading guide could almost touch his feet with an extended ice ax, the knotted rope caught and refused to slip farther.

The extremity of human endurance had been reached; the last spark of life flickered out, and Kurz died, dangling from the end of a rope which now swung 20 feet from the ledge where his horrified rescuers crouched. Seldom has human courage and endurance risen to greater heights, or prudence fallen to lower depths.



The Open Door

A FEW summers ago, five young college students chartered a 40-foot yawl for a vacation. Since boyhood they had all sailed small boats around Cape Cod and the Maine coast.

On this particular cruise they met a fleet of yachts sailing in a long-distance ocean race. It was an exciting sight. The boys kept out of the way of the racing yachts, but could not resist hovering near them.

After several days of magnificent weather, with a spanking S.W. breeze, the wind hauled around to the N.W., and ominous black clouds gathered. Shortly afterwards, a terrific storm hit them and they took in all sail and hove to.

But their little boat was old and not very seaworthy. Before long it was only too evident that she would not weather the storm. One of the boys became panic-stricken. To his astonishment, his four shipmates got down on their knees in the sloshing cockpit water, and prayed. One held up the little crucifix on the end of his rosary.

While his teeth chattered, the boy tried to hear what the others were saying. They were reciting the act of contrition, calmly preparing for a Christian death. He was amazed. Soon he was kneeling beside them, trying to remember some prayer from his early childhood.

All were rescued. A Coast Guard vessel, sent out from New London to check on the yachts in the race, took them aboard just before their yawl foundered and sank. The young fellow was so impressed by the calm faith of his friends that he induced his father to let him attend their school, a Catholic one, and during the next year he entered the Church.

For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be returned.

New York City grew great because of a ditch four feet deep

Life on the Erie Canal

By VAL HART

Condensed chapter of a book*

THE Erie canal was New York's answer to the National road, the first U.S. superhighway. The road ran from Maryland to Illinois and is now U.S. 40. "Come to Philadelphia!" the Lancaster pike had said, and mountain pack horses met the wagons, exchanging goods, helping Pennsylvania grow rich and powerful. "Bring your trade to the East this way," said the National pike, and big freight wagons lumbered into Baltimore and the growing southern cities with the products of the western country. "Now come to New York!" the Erie canal shouted to prized trade on the other side of the mountains. And the Erie canal settled the question of which city would become the biggest center of trade.

It took years of political scheming to draw up the plans for the Erie canal. To most people of the

time the project seemed fantastic. To dig a canal through hundreds of miles of wilderness and swamps seemed as improbable as drilling a hole through the center of the earth to China. Just 360 miles west of Albany is Buffalo, on Lake Erie. The land route between Albany and Buffalo, in the old days an Indian portage path, became the route of the Erie canal. It linked the fresh waters of Lake Erie with the salt water of the Atlantic ocean by way of the Hudson river. It served the same main purpose as the National road; it brought two sections of the country closer together.

New York State financed its canal at a cost of \$7 million. It was then the largest state construction job ever executed, and perhaps the strangest. De Witt Clinton, governor of New York, shrewdly ordered work on the canal started in



*The Story of American Roads. Copyright, 1950, by the author. Reprinted with permission of William Sloane Associates, Inc., New York City. 243 pp. \$3.

the middle, at Rome, where the going was easiest, so that there would be less chance for politicians to halt construction.

On July 4, 1817, digging began. Workmen took machinery into the forests and swamps to cut down the centuries-old trees,* and dig the canal through western New York State. During the winter, they hauled provisions and equipment by sled over the snow-covered ground. By the next year there were 2,000 men working on the Erie canal, and 2,000 straining horses and oxen pulling at heavy plows and scrapers. In July, 1823, the part of the canal between Schenectady and Rome was completed and in use.

The workmen clawed slowly through the dense forests. When they reached the hot swamplands, they worked almost naked. A swamp sickness they called "canal fever" crept in, and many men died; construction was once halted altogether for several weeks while the sick laborers recovered from their plague. But the work went on and the canal was finished. There it was, 40 feet wide, four feet deep, 360 miles long, with 82 locks overcoming a difference in water levels of nearly 600 feet. It had taken eight years to dig the "big ditch," and it had been built entirely by rule-of-thumb by engineers who had no blueprints.

In October, 1825, the first boat

to be towed along the canal, the *Seneca Chief*, carried kegs of water from Lake Erie to be dumped into the Atlantic. A cannon was fired in Buffalo as the canal procession left town; and when the sound was heard at the next relay point along the canal, another cannon was fired; and so along the entire length of the big ditch. Eighty-one minutes later, excited citizens in New York heard the cannon nearest them, and they knew that their Erie canal was finally in operation. When the *Seneca Chief* pulled into New York harbor three and a half days later, the town went wild with speeches, dances, fireworks, and a big parade to celebrate the canal opening. Miffed Philadelphians called the merrymaking a "Roman holiday."

The Erie canal was planned by politicians and businessmen as a means of hauling freight; it hadn't occurred to them that Americans would leap at the chance to travel westward by canal. But people with itching feet immediately saw the canal as a westward water road for themselves. A new kind of business came to the canal. Special boats were built for passengers. One kind was the fast-moving canal packet, with sleeping and eating arrangements; the other was the slower line boat, which cost less to ride. People leaving their homes behind them for new homes in the West used the latter type.

Canal barges and boats were

*See p. 47, this issue.

pulled by horses or mules walking ahead along the towpath; the one attempt at using steam was unsuccessful.

Canal "packets," named for the fast sailboats that plowed the Atlantic coast, were about 80 feet long, eight feet high, and 11 feet wide. Trips in them were no luxury cruises. The packets usually had two large rooms, one for men and one for women and children. During the day and early evening, with the passengers reading, writing letters, and smoking, the rooms were lounges. At night, the captain and his two helpers brought in wooden slabs, and the rooms became bedrooms. They attached the slabs to the wall in tiers three-deep, threw lumpy straw mattresses on them, and the beds were ready. Since sleeping space was seldom assigned, the beds were grabbed on a first-come-first-served basis. The hindmost, if the boat was crowded, slept on mattresses on the floor. If floor space was limited, they slept on tables over the people on the floor.

Charles Dickens once made a trip on a canal packet, which he described in *American Notes*. He was particularly displeased with the sleeping arrangements. "I have mentioned my having been in some uncertainty and doubt, at first, relative to the sleeping arrangements on board this boat. I remained in the same vague state of mind until ten o'clock or thereabouts, when, going below, I found suspended on

either side of the cabin, three long tiers of hanging bookshelves, designed apparently for volumes of the small octavo size. Looking with greater attention at these contrivances (wondering to find such literary preparations in such a place), I descried on each shelf a sort of microscopic sheet and blanket; then I began dimly to comprehend that the passengers were the library, and that they were to be arranged, edgewise, on these shelves, till morning.

"I was at first in some uncertainty as to the best means of getting into it. But the shelf being a bottom one, I finally determined on lying upon the floor, rolling gently in, stopping immediately I touched the mattress, and remaining for the night with that side uppermost, whatever it might be. Luckily, I came upon my back at exactly the right moment.

"One of two remarkable circumstances is indisputably a fact, with reference to that class of society who travel in these boats. Either they carry their restlessness to such a pitch that they never sleep at all, or they expectorate in dreams.

"All night long, and every night, on this canal, there was a perfect storm and tempest of spitting."

At night a line was strung around the room for the passengers to hang their clothes on. For washing, they dropped a bucket overboard and dipped up water from the canal. A comb and hairbrush, for common use, were chained to

the wall near a mirror. During the day, passengers played cards and games, read or wrote letters in the main room, or sat high on the flat deck on top admiring the view, watching the horses or mules as they trudged on ahead. However, even during the day the trip had its discomforts. Where a road crossed the canal and the bridge was low, all the people on deck sprawled flat to keep from being scraped off.

As a rule, the line boats did not offer beds and meals. Their passengers didn't mind the slower travel, nor did they care to spend more money for the convenience of packet travel on the canal. The movers knew where they were going, and they knew that by the canal they could get deep into the uncut forests around the Great Lakes. To them, time was not as important as saving money.

Many of the movers had been moving for some time, for they had crossed the Atlantic. When the Erie canal was opened in 1825, there were only about 8,000 immigrants a year; by 1830, more than 50,000 were coming into the U. S. annually.

Many of the new people preferred to go into the West, where land was selling for \$1.25 an acre, and a man could be truly independent. Those who wished to settle in southern Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois often traveled by the National road. Others, who dared the less

populated region around the Great Lakes, used the Erie canal.

The West, which is now the central part of the country, grew rapidly as a result of the canal. In 1810, only 15 years before the canal was built, Ohio was the 13th state in population. By 1840, because of the canal and the National road, it had grown to third largest. Before the canal came, there were only a few settlements in Michigan and Wisconsin. The northern sections of Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio were vast stretches of uncut forests. The only roads connecting the few settlements were rutted, miry, and cluttered with tree stumps; over those the settlers had to haul their products to water and set them afloat downstream on barges and flatboats.

But with the coming of the Erie canal the whole area bordering on the Great Lakes changed. Lake Erie, now connected by water with the entire world, became a great trade route. Thousands of vessels came into the port at Buffalo laden with western wheat, lumber, and furs, which were sent on to New York. The same vessels left Buffalo loaded down again, this time with movers who crossed the lake and settled inland. Shipping on the Great Lakes increased, and Chicago grew from a village in 1835 to a city of 25,000 by 1847.

Other canals were constructed. Lake Champlain, lying between Vermont and upper New York

State, was connected by canal with Lake Ontario, and this in turn with Lake Erie. Eventually all the Great Lakes were joined by canals, and the products of the region could be moved by boat the entire distance over the lakes to Buffalo. There they were transferred to barges on the Erie canal, and thence down the Hudson into New York City.

The big ditch which had been so ridiculed was a magnificent suc-

cess. Within ten years, the state of New York got its \$7 million back in toll charges. What New York City gained is inestimable.

But the times of the man-made water roads had to end. Railroad tracks were stretching farther and farther west toward the Mississippi, and there came a time when trains replaced most of the canal barges and packets. But the Erie canal is still floating grain barges across the state.

This Struck Me

THE *confused notion that the answer to prayer is synonymous with Yes is common. It is our spirit of "give me" in the material order that thinks Yes is the only answer. Monica Baldwin* shows us that God's answer to prayer, like any other answer, may be other than Yes.*

Why answers to prayer should so often be described as miraculous, I have yet to learn. Abbot Chapman once said to me that our prayers were invariably answered: the only thing was that since God concerned himself more with our spiritual than our temporal good, he didn't always do things in the way that we should consider best. But as any parent of small and not very farseeing children will tell you, No is just as authentic an answer as Yes. God, explained the Abbot, being who and what He is, sees all round everything: whereas we, being of time, can only see our own little dot in the infinite and eternal scheme of things. At the time, I remember thinking it was a rather stodgy explanation. Now, having realized my own tendency to make mistakes about the things I pray for, I am completely satisfied.

**I Leap Over the Wall.* (Copyright 1950 by Monica Baldwin. Rinehart & Co., N. Y. \$3.50.)

For similar contributions of about this length with an explanatory introduction \$25 will be paid on publication. We are sorry, but it will be impossible to acknowledge or return contributions. Acceptance will be determined as much by your comment as by the selection.

The papacy is old, and with age comes wisdom

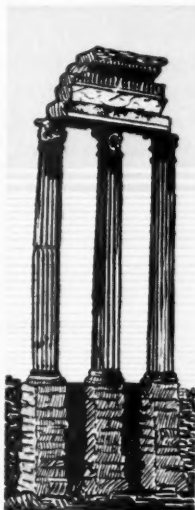
Conversations in Rome

By R. G. WALDECK

Condensed chapter of
a book*

THE ROME I love best is the noble mass of ruins along the Via dei Fori Imperiali. Even as a little girl, when I came for the first time, I could not be dragged away from the Forum and the Palatine. My thoughts of "Empire" have become associated with the wild sweet scent of herbs on the Forum Romanum, as I remember it. That scent is very strong on the Via Sacra, where my father and I used to sit on a few broken stones forming a bench. It was spring and already hot in the sun; little white roses bloomed between the stones, and there was that scent. One day my father opened a fat volume of Gregorovius' *Rome* which he had carried along. "I'll read to you," he said, "three short bits which go a long way to explain how the Roman empire came about."

The first bit ran: "Romulus' city on the Tiber inherited the treasures and the labor of three continents in whose midst she was built in the



most beautiful country. Her own genius created neither religion nor science; but she absorbed them and had a high talent in spreading civilization across the world."

And the second: "Since Augustus, the Romans were sure that they were the people chosen to dominate the world and that the Roman state was the world state, just as the Jews were sure that their state was the state of God, and their religion the world-religion."

And the third: "That the Christian religion was created in the same hour as the empire of the Caesars is one of the historical events which one might call providential. The Christian religion penetrated and became one with the antique empire, because the principle of world citizenship underlying this religion corresponded to the inclusiveness of the world-monarchy."

"You had better write it down in your little book," my father said. "Then you will never forget what

*Europe Between the Acts. Copyright, 1951, by the author. Reprinted with permission of Doubleday & Co., Inc., Garden City, N. Y. 329 pp. \$3.50. 71

makes an empire." Almost 40 years later, I sat one early afternoon at the same spot. Before me was the Regia, where Julius Caesar lived. It was November; gossamer threads of Indian summer wafted against my cheek; it was hot in the sun, and there was that wild sweet scent.

"Now," I heard a young voice near me, "I'll show you what's what on the Forum! I was here before."

I looked around and saw a tall young blond American with a Leica hanging from one shoulder and a little brunette hanging on his arm. She was a pertly pretty child with round dimpled cheeks, and she wore a brown tufted nylon shirt-maker dress, the kind which one finds only in the U.S. and which is perfect for travel.

I trailed after them as they went to the House of the Vestals. Here the boy took a picture of the girl picking red roses on the edge of the basin where the vestals used to collect rain water. Then the girl took a picture of the boy doing the same, upon which I offered to take a picture of them together. That's how we met.

"I want to hear about the vestals," she said.

The groom thumbed frantically through his guidebook. "The vestals, the vestals. . . I don't seem to remember what I know about those dames."

She hooted, "And he wanted to show me what's what around here. Why, honey, the vestals were a sort

of Roman Daughters of the Revolution—only more so." Then, turning to me she said, "Weren't they?"

"More so is right," I said cautiously, murmuring something about their having been priestesses whose task it was to keep the sacred fires burning, and that they had to be virgins.

"I didn't know I married a scholar," the boy said, still thumbing the guidebook, and presently, "Here it says they were chosen from the noblest families . . . were considered sacred beings. . . . To insult a vestal was punished with death . . . but if they violated their vow of chastity, the penalty was terrible. . . ."

"Just as I said." The bride winked at me with gray, gold-speckled eyes.

ALL around the portico of the House of Vestals there were statues of outstanding priestesses, erected in their honor as a reward for great virtue. I pointed out one of those statues to these kids; there was nothing much left of it except for the feet and the gown from the calves down. But the story was in the inscription on the pedestal, which was still all there: "This statue and this pedestal have been raised in honor of . . . abbess of the vestals . . . by the College of High Priests . . . as a testimony to her chastity and to her profound knowledge in religious matters."

The name of the abbess, I explained, had been erased, but the

first letter, a C, could still be made out. And that's what made it so interesting. For it is known that one vestal priestess by the name of Claudia was converted to Christianity; that must have been she.

"Gee," the bride exclaimed, "what a scandal that must have been—'VESTAL ABBESS TURNING CHRISTIAN.' I can just see the headlines."

"And were the faces of the high priests red! Oh boy, after giving her that statue, too. They rubbed out her name by way of excommunication." He aimed his Leica at the statue.

They asked me whether I could make out the figures beneath the inscription. I said they gave the year when the statue was dedicated, A.D. 364. The bride looked at me, aghast. "What, 364 years after Christ's death paganism still existed? As late as that there was still a fuss about people going Christian?"

"Quite," I said. "The pagan temples here were ordered closed only around 400 A.D. by the Christian Emperor Theodosius I. Even then there were pagans in high places. But all the same, on the whole, paganism was recognized as a lost cause. And you might like to know that it had become impossible to recruit the six vestals required to keep the sacred fire burning, in spite of the privileges which went with the office. . . ."

But the bride was not listening to my explanations. "Four hundred years," she repeated, wide-eyed. "I

had no idea that history is so slow, so slow. I had really no idea . . ."

I HAD visited Vatican City on a few rare occasions before, to see the Vatican Gardens and to pay my respects to the various prelates I knew, but for the first time, during this stay in Rome, I was an almost daily visitor there.

My Vatican friends were the best-informed men I ever met. This is partly due to the cosmopolitan nature of the Church and her hierarchy and to a unique diplomatic service which functions on every level of life everywhere.

Having hobnobbed with all who are supposedly well informed in the laic world, not only on this journey but for many years back, I have often wondered how those famous newspaper correspondents, diplomats, and very important persons get away with it. Few of them know the language of the country in which they are stationed well enough to understand the nuances and the between-the-lines of a conversation. They can't read its literature or do not bother to read it. (That remark attributed to a VIP: "Schiller—ah, that's the one we call Goethe in America," doesn't sound apocryphal to me; I have heard worse.) Their social contacts are narrow and self-conscious. Most of them keep to a small group of their countrymen or of a certain international set which exists only on the fringe of native life.

Even at best, no lay government can achieve as efficient a diplomatic service as the Vatican. The point is that the papal nuncios have their sources of information all lined up for them. What with the Church being at home in every country, they have the native hierarchies to supply them with an inside knowledge ranging from life in rural parishes to the thoughts and plans of the governing sets.

But there is another factor which to my mind is even more important. The Church looks back many centuries, each chock-full of events, some good, and more bad. The Church has dealt with every sort of usurpation, aggression, revolution; she has known all kinds of tyrants and conquerors. Anything that can conceivably happen has already happened to her. But while everything has changed over and over again around her, the Church alone has not changed; her regime has always remained the same and so have her aims. Thus the Vatican statesmen can base their political thinking on a long, unbroken tradition where there are precedents for everything; the least intelligent of them has still got this precious tradition to fall back on. This natural historical perspective is what chiefly distinguishes the statesmen of the Church from their lay counterparts. All too many of the latter seem to believe that nothing disagreeable ever happened before Hitler, or at best, before Lenin. The detachment,

serenity, and balance of judgment which I found among my Vatican friends spring largely from this historical perspective.

OUR conversations often turned, of course, to the plight of the present Pope, Pius XII. As my Vatican friends saw it, the scenes which are actually being played out in Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary were episodes of the eternal urge of all Caesars to subdue the spiritual power. For all Caesars knew that unless they succeeded in conquering the last redoubt of the human conscience all their other conquests counted for nothing. The last Caesar who felt that the papacy was a menace to his power was Napoleon, who deported Pope Pius VII and held him a prisoner for five years. But Pius VII returned to Rome and survived his jailer.

Still, what were the ambitions of a Napoleon as compared with a movement which has no frontiers and which is armed with an ideology which, while false, is unequivocal, dynamic, and alluring? I ventured to say that Pius XII is much more of a statesman than Pius VII was. And my friend smiled and said, "He is a very great diplomat, the Holy Father."

I smiled back at him, thinking of the old man in white, so frail and so indomitable, sitting before his white typewriter; thinking, too, of an alleged remark of General Marshall which made the rounds of

the Roman salons after his visit to Pius XII in the autumn of 1948. "The Pope," Marshall is said to have said, "is too deep for me."

One of my Vatican friends observed, "The world which has emerged from the last war is directed by three powers, of which Russia is communist and the other two, the U.S. and England, are of Protestant tradition."

I thought that Pius XII draws more support from the great Protestant democracies than Pius VII ever drew from the Catholic Hapsburg monarchy. And my friends agreed that the *rapprochement* between Washington and the Vatican is one of the great political events of the last decade. It started in the winter of 1939-40, when President Roosevelt sent Myron Taylor as his personal representative to Rome with a view to coordinating the diplomatic and charitable activities of the still neutral U.S. and the Holy See, and it has grown ever since. This is partly the result of the rise of American Catholicism. The flourishing of the Catholic Church in America, with its more than 25 million members, its outstanding personalities, its wealth, the high level of its spiritual publications and educational institutions, stands out as the great hope of the Church in this period of atheist menace to Europe. This development has been reflected in the mounting importance of the American element in both the Vatican's diplomatic serv-

ice and in the Sacred College, where for the first time in centuries the Italians have lost their absolute majority. In the main, however, this close *rapprochement* between the Vatican and Washington is the upshot of the common battle against communism.

CRUSADES have always been becoming to the Church. Some of the psychological circumstances of the one against communism, too, are highly favorable to her. The Holy Father enjoys once more the prestige of the great epochs of the papacy. Enhanced by the disorganization of Europe, by the moral confusion in the face of the Russian menace, and by the American support, he has become the principal force in the fight against communism. Today even many anti-Catholics realize that neither private capitalism nor bourgeois liberalism nor socialism are essentially opposite to communism; the Christian faith alone brings to the battle a sufficiently profound and positive motive for action; namely, charity and the respect of the individual. Only the Church, strongest embodiment of the Christian faith, can furnish the urgently needed spiritual leadership to the anti-communist front.

Thus the Vatican has become the center of a temporal coalition of all elements committed to defeating communism. One might say that the Church has become the symbol of all the things the non-commu-

nist world is supposed to be fighting for and living by. As things stand today, to attack the Church has become almost tantamount to admitting communist sympathies. This does not mean that anticlericalism is dead. Both in France and Italy I found it very much alive. But in so far as anticlericalism is anti-communist, it is laying low. A weakening of the Church, it is felt, would first and last profit the Kremlin. "After all," a well-known anticlerical politician explained to me, "we are all in this fortress together."

The *rapprochement* between the Vatican and Washington does not go down well with everyone. Quite a few Latin Catholics, even among the high clergy, are alarmed by the growing American influence in Church affairs. They fear that it engages the Church altogether too much in secular politics. Some even say that the Holy Father is becoming an instrument of American imperialism. On the other hand, there are certain Protestant circles which accuse the Pope of letting the Protestant democracies fight his battles.

My Vatican friends took neither of these complaints seriously. "It's nonsense to think," they told me, "that Pius XII simply aligns his policy with that of Washington. Their interests and actions frequently coincide. Thus Pius XII welcomes the reconstruction of Germany, which he considered a prime necessity for the rebirth of Europe when Washington was still trying Morgenthau-

ism. He champions a Federation of Europe as the only possible force to create a balance between America and Russia and a guaranty of peace. However, there can't be any permanent community of aims. After all, American policies are very modernistic, very laic; they hold all religions as equal, viewing them all respectfully, but with a dash of skepticism. Wherever the U.S. spreads its influence, it is generally accompanied by a technical progress which tries to console man's metaphysical anxieties. Then there is this: Washington is so young and impatient; everything must be started and finished within the space between two elections. The Vatican distrusts abrupt changes; its policies evolve inch by inch."

THE POPE disposes of no cannon, and yet the bomb he launched on July 14, 1949, the decree that excommunicated the communists, echoed far and wide around the world. The historians of the Vatican say that since the Reformation no punitive edict of such gravity and inclusiveness has issued from the papacy. It came as a veritable bolt out of the blue, although it had been in the making for a long time.

It falls to the Congregation of the Holy Office or Inquisition to prepare decrees of excommunication. Supervised by the Pope and the cardinals of the Holy Office, the Congregation has the task of conserving the doctrine and the faith. It is housed

in an austere little building to the left of the colonnade of St. Peter's square. Composed of some 60 prelates, it is headed by an "assessor."

The procedure of excommunication has not varied for centuries. The case against the communists was started off by an indictment by the assessor, Msgr. Ottaviani, in Latin, Italian, French, German, and Spanish, and presented to the 20 consultants. They mulled over that writ for several months, consulting with each other and at a certain point in their deliberations calling in the so-called qualifiers, who advised them in matters of dogma. At long last a text was submitted to the six cardinals of the Holy Office. A great deal of rewriting was done until every word, every semicolon, was just so, and every obscurity out. Finally it went to the Holy Father for approval.

THE Holy Year, in view of the universal unrest and danger of war, was meant to be a recruitment of all

religious forces. There was much profane discussion in Rome as to the material profits from the colossal movement of pilgrims. Signor Togliatti and his comrades insist that the Holy Year is good business only for the Holy Father. The financial wizards of the Vatican insist that a Holy Year always results in a deficit for the Vatican treasury. It did in 1925 and 1933. But the Vatican does not care about balancing the budget at a moment when the greatest spiritual interests are at stake.

In inviting the faithful to come to Rome and to profit by 12 months of divine amnesty, Pius XII continued his labors for peace. The Holy Year, abundant in processions and canonizations, in a pronouncement of dogma and an announcement of archaeological discovery of the greatest impact on the Christian conscience, was a grandiose manifestation of the confidence in God's great mercy and His charity for the frailty of man.

From One Who Knows

IN San Francisco, a canvasser for a group advocating the limiting of families to five children was expounding her views to a local housewife. The latter listened patiently and then sighed, "If I had followed your advice I'd not only have missed some of the proudest moments of my life, I wouldn't even have this beautiful house." The house happened to be a gift from her sixth, eighth, and ninth children, namely, Vince, Joe, and Dom DiMaggio.

Hy Gardner in *Parade* (7 Jan. '51).

Peaceful "revenge" is sweeter and can be pleasing to God

The Recapture of Acadia

By IAN SCLANDERS

Condensed from *Maclean's Magazine**

THEY filed slowly out of the old vine-covered church at Grand Pré, Nova Scotia, saying their beads and chanting psalms. But there were no British troops to prod them aboard waiting transports. That had been back in 1755. This was 1950; these people, well dressed and prosperous, had come on a pilgrimage from Moncton, New Brunswick, to Grand Pré.

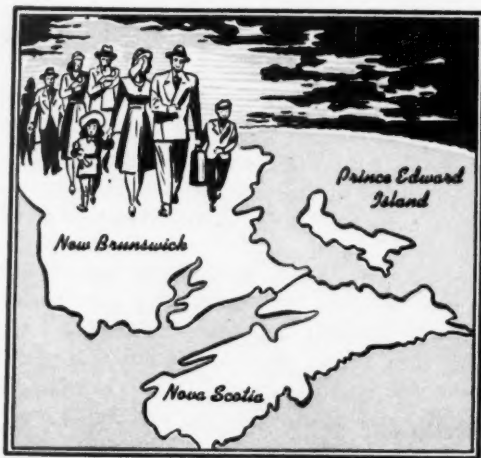
And the old church wasn't really a church any more. It had been rebuilt and turned into a museum. Yet, because they were Acadians, it stirred their emotions and evoked memories.

After 195 years, that sorry chapter in history dramatized in Longfellow's poem, *Evangeline*, is still vivid to the Acadians.

Acadia, now New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island, was settled by the French in 1630. Most of the region was taken by the English in 1710. The French Acadians, most of whom lived around Minas Basin in

Nova Scotia, took a qualified oath of allegiance to the British Crown. They were to have freedom of religion and exemption from military service.

When Charles Lawrence became governor, he demanded a new oath. The Acadians would have to bear arms against the French in Quebec. When they rejected this he said they were guilty of treason. The 7,000 Acadians pleaded in vain. They had been British subjects for nearly 45 years. But they were rounded up like cattle by the red-coats under Col. John Winslow,



and packed onto boats for exile.

The plan was to disperse them among English colonists, so that in a generation they would lose their identity. Husbands were torn from wives, children from parents. They had no choice of destination. They were scattered as far south as the West Indies.

Yet hardly had they touched shore when thousands headed north again, on foot or in vessels they built themselves. One company of 800, known as the "heroic caravan," walked 600 terrible miles from Boston to the head of the Bay of Fundy.

For more than a century, the Acadian dream of repossessing Acadia seemed utterly hopeless. Acadians were outcasts in the wilderness, ignorant and hungry. The orchards they had planted with seedlings from Normandy, the rich marshes their dikes had reclaimed from the sea, were in other hands. They lived in hovels in the deep woods or in bleak wind-beaten fishing hamlets.

Then, 75 years ago, a resurgence began. Today the Acadians are marching out of the forests and into the cities and towns, out of illiteracy and into politics, business, the professions.

New Brunswick is the first objective in their peaceful campaign to recapture the land of their fathers. In that province Acadians speak cheerfully of *la revanche des berceaux* (the revenge of the cradles).

"Our best weapon," they say, "is our big families."

They take it for granted that their high birth rate will win ultimate victory. Statistics indicate that their optimism is justified. In 1871, the year of the first federal census, 15.7% of New Brunswick's population was Acadian. Now they make up about 38% (or 198,000 persons). The proportion of Acadians has gone up an average of 2.9% a decade since 1871. On this basis it would have been another 50 years before they were in the majority.

They point out gleefully, however, that in 1941 the Acadian birth rate in the province was 35.8 per 1,000 and the birth rate of others in New Brunswick, 20.3 per 1,000. There were 11,840 babies born in New Brunswick that year, 5,869 to Acadian parents. Such figures could mean that Acadians would constitute more than 50% of the population within 25 or 30 years.

Acadians marry young. It is not uncommon for an Acadian girl to be married at 15 and to be a mother at 16. It is a rare Acadian village that doesn't have a family with 17 or 18 children. No matter how poor the parents are, the children look clean and adequately fed.

In 1871, when only 44,907 of New Brunswick's 285,594 people were Acadians, residents of the town of Richibucto were English, Scottish or Irish. A giant blacksmith, John Garvey, had his shop beside a

bridge over a creek at one end of the community. "No Frenchman," he vowed, "will ever cross the crick," and Garvey was a tough customer. But Garvey is dead and times have changed. Now 80% of Richibucto is Acadian. What happened there has happened at scores of places, particularly in northern and eastern New Brunswick.

Moncton is 40% Acadian now. Saint John didn't have half a dozen Acadians in 1930. Today there must be 6,000.

While they have been multiplying they have also been raising themselves culturally, socially, and economically. This advancement dates from 1874, when Father Camille Lefebvre, a Holy Cross priest, arrived from Quebec City to work among them. He was shocked to find that few could read or write and that he could count all the Acadian professionals on his fingers.

He had only \$40, but he resolved to build a college. He spoke no English, and the Irish Catholic bishop of Saint John spoke no French. Acadians chuckle when they describe the meeting, at which Père Lefebvre, with frenzied gestures, persuaded the bishop to help. He collected money where he could, much of it in small change. He talked carpenters and masons into donating free labor. And St. Joseph's university arose in the village of Memramcook, in southeastern New Brunswick.

Lefebvre guided the college until his death in 1896, and it sparked the Acadian renaissance. It has 500 students attending classes in its buildings overlooking the tide-scarred Memramcook river.

New Brunswick has three other Acadian colleges for men: Sacred Heart, at Bathurst; St. Louis, at Edmundston; Assumption at Moncton. Two girls' colleges also give classical degrees: Notre Dame d'Acadie, Moncton, and Maillet, at Ste. Basile.

Acadian parents think no sacrifice is too extreme if it enables them to put a boy through university. Many Acadian mothers pray each day that one of their sons will be an educated man, a priest, doctor or lawyer. An Acadian father will mortgage his last fence post to finance a son through school. By 1941, half the priests in New Brunswick were Acadians. So were 20% of New Brunswick's doctors, 20% of the dentists, 17% of the lawyers.

While they complain that their representation is inadequate, Acadians are advancing on the political front too. Only one Acadian, the late Peter J. Veniot, has been premier of New Brunswick. "Good Roads" Veniot was enormously popular as minister of public works.

The attitude toward the English-speaking in New Brunswick is not hostile. There are firebrands, but Acadians as a whole are steady and level-headed, sturdy and hard-working. They know what they want:

to dominate New Brunswick first, then Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island.

"Our movement," says one leading Acadian, "is not militant. There's no sinister plot. We'll simply attain numerical superiority because of our high birth rate, and see to it that our children have the best possible educational advantages. We'll then have recaptured Acadia. We'll continue to be loyal Canadians."

In New Brunswick towns where Acadians outnumber other residents there has been no friction. Under a gentleman's agreement in Bathurst the mayoralty is rotated among Acadians, Irish Catholics, and Protestants, the candidate of each group in turn being elected by acclamation. Most children in Bathurst and Edmundston are bilingual.

Acadians look on Moncton as their capital. It is a railway center, a divisional headquarters of the CNR, and has a population of 30,000, of whom 12,000 are Acadians. The head office of the unique Société l'Assomption is located there. This is a mutual life-insurance company which has 55,000 policyholders insured for \$60 million. But it's far more than that.

It started years ago at Waltham, Mass., with no rules nor regulations. The idea was that Acadians would help bury one another by chipping into a fund that would provide \$100 for funeral expenses. The fund grew until the society had to be incorporated, and the

head office was moved to Moncton in 1912. Today, half the policyholders are in Canada and half in the U.S. When members pay their monthly premiums, they also drop 10¢ each into a pot to finance scholarships. They gave 37 scholarships last year.

For some of their economic gains the Acadians are indebted to the cooperative movement which has spread out from St. Francis Xavier university, at Antigonish, N. S.

Acadians hate to be called French Canadians or Canadians. They set their course in 1880, when French-speaking Canadians held a convention at Quebec City. Twenty-four Acadians attended. They concluded that they should go their own way. The Canadians selected the day of St. John the Baptist for their national feast. In 1881, the Acadians decided that they would celebrate the feast of the Assumption and have their own flag, the tri-color with a gold star.

Acadians are proud of being this country's first colonists (some arrived with Champlain in 1604). They are proud that they stem from the minor nobility and from good peasant stock; proud that they endured the expulsion.

Acadians are naturally musical, and their idol is tall, broad-shouldered, handsome Arthur LeBlanc. When he was six or seven, his father fashioned a tiny fiddle for him, using the corner of the kitchen table for a workbench and a pocket

knife as his main tool. The boy had genius. He had hardly raised the crude instrument to his chin than he was coaxing music from it, as though by instinct. The neighbors gathered to listen.

The LeBlancs were poor, but Arthur won scholarships, and Acadian admirers begged to assist with his education. When he finally had his debut in Carnegie hall and was acclaimed by New York critics, jubilation spread to the most remote Acadian hamlets. His triumphs in Europe caused equal excitement.

Arthur LeBlanc lives in Montreal now and spends most of his time on concert tours. But he returns to New Brunswick at least once a year and plays by the hour for fellow Acadians, often in the crowded parlor of a humble home. His present violin is a \$50,000 Stradivarius. Acadians and Canadians, thousands of them, bought it for him.

Arthur LeBlanc was in Moncton recently, prowling around trying to find the little old fiddle his father fashioned for him years ago. It's lost, and he thinks it's stored away in somebody's attic. He wants to locate it, because his own son is ready to learn to play.

The late Senator Pascal Poirier was the first Acadian writer, and with others he claimed that Acadians spoke purer French than can be heard in France. Words and

phrases which the French in France and Canadians in Quebec have borrowed from the English language are sternly avoided.

Acadians have their own paper, *L'Evangeline* (circulation 8,000), founded in 1887 at Weymouth, N.S., by Valentin Landry, a shaggy-haired crusader with a ferocious corkscrew mustache. He shifted headquarters in 1910 to Moncton, where he played a big part in establishing the first church where Acadians could worship in their own language. Acadians and Quebec sympathizers last year poured \$100,000 into the weekly paper and now it appears as a daily under the editorship of 32-year-old Emery LeBlanc.

There are only 100 Acadian names, although there are 1 million Acadians in North America. One tenth of all Acadians are LeBlancs, descended from a single couple, Daniel and Frances LeBlanc, who came from France in 1750 and settled near Port Royal, N.S. The 200th anniversary last September of the arrival of the first LeBlanc saw Moncton bulging with 10,000 descendants wearing badges and ribbons. They had come from as far as France to attend religious services of commemoration, to sit for a family portrait, to eat huge dinners and lunches, and hear Arthur LeBlanc play his fiddle.

Today's rug cutters are practicing an art that had its origin in religion



Shall We Dance...?

By ELIZABETH DENNING

Condensed from *Perpetual Help**

PEOPLE always have "jumped for joy," jigged, or leaped up and down, to express their emotions. Early in human history, all this expenditure of energy was raised to the art we call dancing.

In Roman times, of course, a man didn't order a corsage for his girl and then pilot her around a smooth floor according to some popular, preconceived plan.

Only the women danced. The man who danced in Rome a few thousand years ago was thought either drunk or insane. There was one exception: when the dancing was connected with a religious rite. In this case, although sometimes both men and women danced, generally it was the men who took over.

Dancing as an art seems to have shown up first in Egypt, long before the Christian era. It had a religious meaning, and was linked with the Egyptian belief that the movements of heavenly bodies directly affected human life. From the Egyptians the Greeks borrowed

the *star dance*, an imitation of the movements of the planets beyond the supposedly unmoving earth. The Greeks saw the rhythm and poetry of the dance everywhere. The *emmeleia*, whose stately movements had a religious significance and also represented mysteries of nature, was the ancestress of modern ballet. The early Greeks also danced to develop skill in hand-to-hand combat.

The dances of the early Hebrews were religious, dances such as King David executed when he accompanied the Ark from the house of Obededom to Bethlehem. David danced "with all his might," rejoicing before the Lord. But some of the dancing in the Bible was the opposite of religious. Salome danced before Herod to win the head of John the Baptist. And the innocent "dancing with timbrels," with which the daughter of Jephte went out to meet her father on his return from battle, was a far cry from the dancing of those Jews who worshiped the golden calf in the desert.

Christian dances have been per-

formed in churches. In the Mozarabic Mass in Toledo, dancing with tambourines was allowed. But generally church dancing was forbidden and eventually disappeared, with the exception of the dance of the *seises* in Seville cathedral, which has been carried on into modern times. In this dance, young boys in red cloaks and plumed hats perform before the altar during Communion. Dancing itself, outside the churches, was not frowned upon except when it took a licentious turn. But the dancing which the early Fathers "did not frown upon" was by no means equivalent to dancing in a modern sense, either ballet or ballroom. "What could be more blessed," said St. Basil, "than to imitate on earth the rhythm of the angels?" "Dance as much as you please," said St. Gregory Nazianzen to the Emperor Julian, and suggested that he do "the dance of King David before the Ark." St. Francis de Sales sighed over the whole business, said he had heard that "the best [of dances] are of no value," and recommended some pious meditations afterward to offset possible damage.

In the 15th century, a ballet called the Lou Gué appeared in France. In a modern sense, the Lou Gué would seem to have been a religious dance, with its characters representing gods, devils, kings, queens, Christ and the Apostles, and Death with his scythe bringing up the rear. But it was actually the first

step toward the secularization of the dance. Of course, such dancing, along with opera-ballet, was formal and theatrical. The dances of the people, folk dances, were something else again. Dances rooted in the peasantry of a country were handed down through the generations. Peoples the world over have preserved, sometimes for many generations, the highly individual national dances. There are the reels and strath spreys of the Scots; the Irish jig; the English Morris dances; the more modern Spanish bolero, which nevertheless has its origin in folk-dance antiquity; the interesting variety of Eastern folk dances, such as the courtship dance and the gathering-of-the-indigo dance in India. The ritual dances of the Chinese could not have been devised by the people who dance the tango and bolero. And even the music of the tarantella would not suit a Scot with his heart set on a highland fling.

Modern ballroom dancing has a fairly modern history, compared with the ancient history of dancing as a whole. The minuet and gavotte, popular in the 17th and 18th centuries, were both derived from old peasant dances, although their original rollicking character was repressed in the dignified atmosphere of the French court. The polka, a Bohemian national dance, was discovered as late as the 19th century, and set the societies of Europe and America in a whirl.

But every generation has its favorites, its new dances, which are nearly always variations of the very old ones. Grandpa liked the waltz pretty well; so did grandma. Then came the Charleston, the Big Apple, the age of jazz, swing, bebop. But the old dances of the people and the variations of those dances run like a thread through the maze of present-day innovations. Even the thoroughly American barn

dance is just a sort of schottische, which in turn is like the polka, only slower.

But whatever the dance, whatever the incidental differences and changes in style and name, dancing is dancing. Year after year, it ranks tops in social entertainment. You will come across "the sign of the tapping foot" as frequently in Africa and Siam as in New York or Quebec or Rio de Janeiro.

From the Josef Miller Joke Book

DESCRIPTIONS of the decadent West and the U. S. hellhole filled the columns of the Hungarian papers, except the space that was devoted to eulogizing the Soviet paradise. During a meeting of workers a Hungarian asked humbly why the enemies of the people were deported to lovely Siberia instead of being sent to the terrible U. S. The questioner was arrested.

Alexandra Orme in the *American Mercury* (Dec. '50).



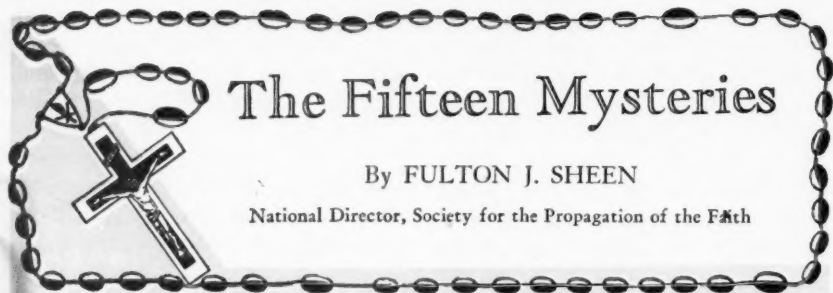
TWO Bulgarian workers were walking side by side, their heads bent low, their faces sad and drawn. They were not talking to each other. Suddenly one of them spat on the ground and the other immediately did the same. "That's enough," said the first. "If we continue, they'll think we are discussing politics."

Quote (14-20, Jan. '51).



A RUMANIAN husband went to buy some carrots. After standing in a line for two hours, he got to the counter only to find there were no carrots. He rushed home in fury, got a revolver, and told his wife he was going to shoot communist leader, Ana Pauker. Soon he returned home. "What happened?" asked the wife. "Did you do it?" "No," the husband groaned, "there was a long line there, too."

Worldover Press quoted in the *Minneapolis Tribune* (17, Jan. '51).



The Fifteen Mysteries

By FULTON J. SHEEN

National Director, Society for the Propagation of the Faith

You have sometimes heard a radio program in which a voice spoke, while at the same time music was playing in the background. When we say the Rosary, something like that occurs. Our lips say the Our Father, Hail Mary, and Glory Be to the Father, but our mind, thinking about the life of our Lord, creates a soundless background symphony of thoughts.

The Rosary is psychologically one of the greatest of prayers, because it draws all our scattered human energies, mind, lips, and fingertips, into a single, unifying purpose. To those who find prayer difficult, the rhythmic movement of the fingers induces spiritual thoughts. To those who are used to mental prayer, the spiritual gains a new dimension when it spills over into the body and comes out on the tips of the fingers.

Ours is not an age in which the heavenly therapy of prayer-by-beads is generally used. One of the reasons why people today are so frequently worried and fearful is that they keep their minds too

busy and their fingers too idle, or else tap a jerking syncopation to the noises of a nervous world. The Rosary, by contrast, gathers together our dispersed forces and fixes our minds on holy, simple thoughts, while the fingers, too, are drawn into the magnetic field of worship. Because it focuses the whole man towards a single, uplifting purpose, the Rosary can be the greatest of all therapies for troubled modern men.

A faint suspicion of this fact has begun to penetrate into some hospitals. Nervous and combat-fatigued patients are taught to knit or weave, to relax their nervous tension. The disadvantage of this treatment is that it is only partial; the patient's mind is not involved. But in the Rosary, all faculties, mind, will, imagination, memory, desires, hopes and muscles, are directed to the Divine.

There is seemingly much repetition in the Rosary; but actually this is no more wearying or monotonous than a man's telling a woman "I love you" for the 20th time. Since there is a new moment in time to be redeemed by love, his words

may be the same, but the meaning of each avowal is slightly different. So, in the Rosary, we say over and over to God, "I love you. I love you. And I love you."

The beads carry the burden of the prayers, while the decades record the 15 scenes played out in the great drama of our Redemption. Bead by bead, decade by decade, the soul climbs from one Mystery to the next, to that "Love we fall short of in all love, that Beauty that leaves all other beauty pain."

We need these Mysteries to engage our thoughts. We are not sufficiently spiritual to apprehend God as He is Himself. Our natures are too weak to stand the shock of such sublimity. The sun is so rich in varied brightness that it must be shot through a prism before our weak eyes can see the glory of its seven colors. So, too, the life of our divine Saviour abounds in beauties that our frail human hearts cannot see unless filtered first through the prism of a prayer such as the Rosary, which breaks them up into the 15 separate Mysteries.

The Mysteries fall naturally into three groups, which are also the three divisions of every ideal Christian life: joy, suffering and glory.

THE JOYFUL DECADES

1. THE ANNUNCIATION. In the Annunciation, the birth of the Son of God in the flesh is made to hinge on the consent of a woman, as the fall of man in the garden of Para-

dise hinged on the consent of a man.

God in His power might have assumed a human nature by force, as the hand of a man lays hold of a rose. But He willed not to invade His great gift of freedom without a creature's free response. Through the angel who salutes Mary in words that have become the first part of the Hail Mary, "Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee," Mary is asked if she will give God a man!

Mary learning that she will conceive without human love, but with the overshadowing of divine Love, consents, and a new humanity begins, with Mary as the new Eve, and Christ the new Adam.

The Annunciation is the Mystery of the joy of freedom. Our free will



is the only thing in the world that is our own. God can take away anything else, our health, wealth, power, but God will never force us to love Him or to obey Him. The charm of Yes is in the possibility that one might have said No.

Mary has taught us to say *Fiat* to God. "Be it done to me according to Thy word." But God Himself has taught us that if He would not invade the freedom of a woman, then a man should never do it.

2. THE VISITATION. The Gospel tells us, "In the days that followed, Mary rose up and went with all haste to a city of Juda, in the hill country, where Zachary dwelt; and there entering in she gave Elizabeth greeting. No sooner had Elizabeth

heard Mary's greeting, than the child leaped in her womb; and Elizabeth herself was filled with the Holy Ghost; so that she cried out with a loud voice, Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb" (Luke 1:39-42).

The first miracle worked by our Lord on earth was performed while He was still in His Mother's womb. He stirred the unborn John and brought consciousness of His presence to Elizabeth, the cousin of His Mother. Thus, long before Cana, our Lord shows that it is through His Mother that He works His unseen wonders in the heart and through her that He is brought into the souls of men.

The joy of the second Joyful Mystery is that of the Old Testament meeting the New, and of the young maiden greeting the old woman, as Mary burst into the most revolutionary song that was ever sung, the *Magnificat*, foretelling the day when the mighty would be unseated from their thrones, and the poor would be exalted.

Yet at that moment, when Elizabeth is the first to call her the Mother of God, even before our Lord is born, Mary answers in her song that her greatness is due to Him, and that she was chosen because she was lowly. It may very well be that Mary was chosen to be the Mother of God after she had in her vow renounced the honor. Though greater than Elizabeth, she



visits her in her hour of need. Only as we become little do we ever become great in the eyes of God.

3. THE NATIVITY. All love tends to become like that which it loves. God loved man; therefore, He became man. Thanks to His human nature, He could take on our woes and our sorrows, and feel the effects of sin as if they were His very own.

But all this was conditioned upon Mary giving Him a human nature. Without her He never would have had eyes to see the multitude hungry in the desert, or ears to hear the pleading of the lame man of Jericho, or hands to caress children, or feet to seek the lost sheep.

For nine months, her own body was the natural Eucharist, in which God shared communion with human life, thus preparing for that greater Eucharist, when human life would commune with the Divine.

Mary's joy was to form Christ in her own body; her joy now is to form Christ in our souls. In this Mystery, we pray to become pregnant with the Christ spirit, giving Him new lips with which He may speak of His Father, new hands with which He may feed the poor, and a new heart with which He may love everyone, even enemies.

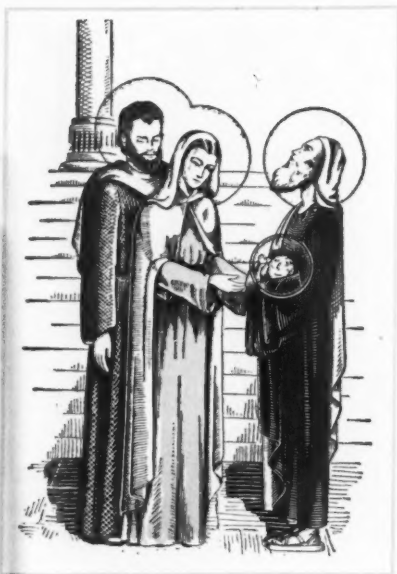
4. THE PRESENTATION. Every child is an arrow shot out of the bow of its mother, but its target is God. Children have come through mothers, but they do not belong to them. Mary acknowledges this claim of divinity on her Child by presenting



Him back again to God, as she offers the temple of His Body in the temple made by hands.

Mary here anticipated the joy of every mother who brings her child to the baptismal font, where God may claim His own. But in the case of Mary, the Child was claimed for sacrifice, as the aged Simeon said that He was a sign to be contradicted, and the cross is the contradiction.

Mary was even told that a sword her own soul would pierce. That would happen when her Son on the cross would have His heart pierced with a lance. Through His Body and her soul would go that one stroke of the sword. She was the only mother who ever brought



Mother became the mother of sinners. The essence of sin is the loss of God, and Mary lost God, not spiritually, but physically. During those three days, she came to know something of the solitariness of the sinner, the loneliness of the guilty, and the aloneness of the frustrated. Her divine Son, 21 years later, would feel it for Himself on the cross, when He would ask why God had abandoned Him.

Let no sinner ever despair of divine mercy, because Mary understands the tortures of the heart, but above all, because she knows where to find Christ. She also knows how to bring the sinner to her divine Son. As the Madonna of the Empty Arms, she awaits your embrace.

a life into the world to die.

It is not so much our presents that God wants from us, as it is our presence, as we offer our life to Him.

5. THE FINDING OF OUR LORD IN THE TEMPLE. There are two kinds of souls in the world; those who hide from God and those from whom God hides. But when God hides, He hides in order that He might be sought the more, as if to draw out a deeper love.

During the three days when the divine Child was lost, the Blessed

The meditations by Monsignor Sheen on the Sorrowful and Glorious Mysteries will appear in succeeding issues. The complete series is now available in a single pamphlet, at 10¢ each, \$7 per 100. Address: Reprint Dept., CATHOLIC DIGEST, 41 E. 8th St., St. Paul 2, Minn.



The communist conquest is the return of tyranny

Democracy Is *The* Revolution

By BARBARA WARD

Condensed from a book*

ONE of the obstacles to the Western policy of "containment" of communism is uncertainty whether peace can be maintained. Yet the essence of the policy is the belief that war is not inevitable and that a combination of strength and patience will keep the Soviet from further aggression.

Another bar to successful containment is distrust between the partners. Each has the tendency to pick out the worst aspects of the others' policy. What do free peoples expect? That their neighbors should be exactly like themselves?

No private undertaking could be run on such an expectation. The Western allies have to be patient with one another and keep their common purpose in mind. Only an effort of faith can counter the tendency of men and nations to misunderstand, grow suspicious, and at last to permit their alliances to fall apart.

The weakness of the word *containment* is its negative ring. The communists do not make the mistake of thinking that they are simply defending themselves against "Western encirclement." This may

be the jargon they use to explain to their own people why they have remained armed. But the essence of their drive is that they must remake the world according to the Marxist-Leninist gospel of salvation.

It is curious that we in the West should tend so uniformly to underestimate the passion that drives the communists on. They do not condemn Western society because it is inefficient. On the contrary, they are impressed by its achievements. They blame it because it is immoral. They do not extol their own system because it is materially more satisfactory. They extol it as a new heaven and a new earth, the raising up of men's lives to new levels of creativeness and joy.

Whatever the shams of communism, they come clothed in the language of poetry. A dream has haunted the world from its infancy: of a golden age from which it has been banished and a golden age to which it can return. Communism repeats the dream. The myth is of a primitive communism destroyed by the evil of private property and restored triumphantly in the latter days by the return to communism.

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The ideas of Western man are still the most startling thing that has ever happened to the human race. Stalin's views of man and society are, by comparison, mortally static and archaic. Today Western man sleeps, unaware, on the powder keg of his own revolutionary philosophy. The Stalinists leap up and down proclaiming as a new revolution a view of man and society which was old when the pyramids were built.

We know something of the civilizations that have risen and fallen in history. Through all of them run two themes of human belief: 1. man and society are molded by impersonal forces of destiny; 2. the state is omnipotent and the source of all meaning. Subjects were no more than shadows of shadows. Reality rested with king and priest and temple. And humankind together, king and peasant, priest and servant, were bound to the "melancholy wheel" of fate. For thousands of years, the great civilizations rose and fell, the people in servitude to the state, state and people alike in servitude to destiny. Behavior, ritual, thought itself, were determined collectively. Men and women lived out their lives within the closed circle of omnipotent government and omnipotent fate.

Into this static world there broke a new force of ideas which wrought the radical transformation of the human scene. Two peoples brought it about: the Jews and the Greeks.

These two societies changed the whole character of human development and the "Western spirit" entered into history. It completely contradicted the two dominant themes of the archaic world: the fatality of environment and the omnipotence of the state. It is a commonplace that our society is grounded to its deepest foundations in classical and Christian antiquity. But of all the riches and diversity, the two effects of the Western spirit must be best remembered, for they are the key to the understanding of our own society and to its fundamental divergence from communism. It is only in their light that the radical newness of Western thought and the reactionary character of communist thinking can be fully grasped. The Greeks and the Jews shared the idea of a divine order of society, as against the human order as it existed on earth.

The idea that things could, by human will and action, be transformed in the image of the divine took hold of men's imaginations. The static idea of social order began to give way to the revolutionary. The divine order ceased to be the sum of things that are, and began to become the sum of things as they should be.

The stream of thought sweeps away the acceptance of the omnipotent state. The Greek saw that the rational nature of man endowed him with inalienable rights, among them the right to self-government.

For the Jew, it was the divine image in man that created in him moral responsibility. From the question of Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" flowed out the doctrine of personal responsibility. In the Christian tradition the Greek concept of reason and the Hebrew belief in man's accountability met in the idea of the "free and lawful man." Medieval Europe made the experiment of placing government itself under the law. In the centuries that followed, the doctrines of representative government and political freedom developed.

It is the tragedy of communism that it restores the old fetters of fatality and tyranny. It knows nothing beyond the social order. Every act of human life, every thought of human minds, is entirely conditioned by the general state of material events. History becomes once more the arbiter of all destiny. It is no longer an arena in which men struggle in freedom to fashion matter to their ideals. Their freedom is an illusion, and matter is itself responsible for their ideals. The world of freedom closes. In its place returns the stifling world of necessity in which the childhood of the race was spent. Once again men are bound to the melancholy wheel. Once again events mold them, not they events. The collective crust forms once again over the experiment of human freedom, and the Western vision fades.

In such a world, the return to

omnipotent government is inevitable. If man is no more than a unit in a social calculation, what rights can he claim? The Marxist doctrine is that eventually "the state will wither away." But in any conceivable society where variety of interests is admitted, some government must remain. The only societies that can dispense with government are those in which there is no change, and no progress either. We know of such societies. The bees and the ants have reached just such a degree of adaptation to environment. Behind the concept of the withering away of the state lies not only the loss of freedom, but the loss of rationality itself.

These are not idle fears. We know from man's long history that the Western experiment of freedom and responsibility is a flash in the pan. It is a spark in the longest night. It is an experiment bounded in space and time and preceded by aeons of collective servitude. To abandon an experiment at once so testing and so abnormal, must be a temptation at the very roots of our being. Environment as destiny, the state as omnipotence—these are the principles under whose mastery mankind has spent the longest part of its conscious span. The Western phase is a tremendous, breath-taking experiment. It is not yet certain that it can stay the course.

Yet if the Western experiment is really the most exhilarating that mankind has ever made, how is it

that today the audacity and the revolutionary zeal seem to be on the other side? There is a paradox here. The crusaders for freedom appear to be on the defensive before those who seek to eliminate human freedom. The real revolutionaries cede ground to the pseudo revolutionaries. The radicals retreat before the reactionaries, the idealists before the materialists. Indeed, the idealists seem to have turned themselves into materialists and fight their war of words in calculations and statistics while their adversaries sing of deserts blossoming and spring returning to a resurrected humanity. How have we in the West contrived so to dim our vision that we appear to have lost it? When was the initiative lost? How can we recapture it?

There can be only one answer. We have not lost it because communism offers a more attractive version of society. Indeed, it would be difficult to find anything more unattractive than, say, contemporary Bulgaria. One searches Marx's pages in vain for a description of what communist society would be like. No, his strength lay in what he attacked, not in what he promised. And it is still true of communism today that wherever it is not imposed by force, it owes its strength not so much to its own attractiveness as to the weakening of the Western way of life. In the West, the concept of fatality and of almighty circumstance has crept

back. The men who founded the industrial revolution and believed in unchanging economic laws were introducing a god of economic determinism. Marx turned economic determinism against them in their own industrial stronghold. If matter was to be master, Marx had as good a version of the future to offer as Richard Cobden and John Bright, and a much more attractive version from the standpoint of the masses.

The Manchester school's *laissez faire* was not the only entry point for fatalism. The great fatalities, environment, conditioning, heredity, evolution, weakened the concept of freedom, moral responsibility, and will. Unconsciously at first, but steadily, Western men and women sloughed off their society's traditional idealism. They became in practice, if not in belief, materialists as convinced as any on the other side of the Iron Curtain—but with this difference. The materialism preached by communists was a religion of materialism. It was a total explanation of life, a guide of conduct, and a spur to action. The materialism of the West was all too often no more than an attitude of "eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die." In a conflict between religious materialism and practical materialism, it seems certain that the religious variety will have the strength to prevail. An idea has never yet in human history been defeated by no idea at all.

Yet although it is true that communism has gained strength by the West's own weaknesses, it may yet be true that the West will learn from the communists how to recapture its own freedom-loving spirit. In the first place, men and women in the West can see in Soviet society some of the possible results of their own betrayal of the Western ideal. They see what a society can become which is systematically materialist, godless, and "scientific." They see how speedily the safeguards of freedom vanish once the idea of law fades and in its place is put the convenience of the community. They see how terribly human compassion can be maimed if there is no appeal to a higher authority than that of government. They see that science can be perverted for political expediency. And reflecting on these things, they are perhaps more ready to reconsider the old safeguards of independence and of pity, of justice and of truth. They look perhaps with new interest at an earlier belief: that liberty itself is grounded in the fact that God's authority overrules all others. In St. Thomas More's words, a man can be the state's "good servant, but God's first."

Communism is in a real sense the conscience of the West. Every pretension, every false claim, every complacency of our Western society, is relentlessly exposed by communist propaganda, and all too often our dislike of the critics is

rendered a thousand times more bitter by our inner knowledge that their gibes are true. It is infuriating for the West to know that every weakness is spied on, every social failure capitalized, every injustice trumpeted abroad, every lack of charity blown up into a major social crime. But is it certain that without these enraging critics we in the West should be so aware of where we fail ourselves? Might we not drift beyond the point at which repairs can be made?

In many ways, we today are paying for the complacency of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers. It was not only the injustice, it was also the appalling smugness of the Victorian possessing classes which put the real vitriol into Marx's pen. Today, at least, no false complacency can hold us back from seeing where lie the shams.

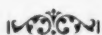
Communists today leave us in no doubt where our weaknesses lie. They await in a fever of expectation the coming of another disastrous depression. They seek to widen the gulf between East and West, between Asia and the Atlantic, between developed and backward areas, between rich and poor, slave and free. They search for every chink in the armor of Western unity. They batten on every national prejudice. Above all, they preach the decadence of Western ideals, the false pretensions of Western society, the myth of Western religion, the hypocrisy of Western

freedom, and the certainty of Western collapse.

We need, therefore, have no doubts about the necessary means of Western survival. To be stable, reliable, and prosperous ourselves; to share with others our prosperity; to rebuild our defenses; to be patient allies and good friends; to restore our vision and moral purpose; to drive out the gods of fatalism; to restore the "glorious liberty of the sons of God"; and, in this spirit, to confront our adversaries with a calm fortitude that allays both their fears and their ambitions—there are the main themes for a common policy in the West. Nothing in them is beyond the competence of the Western powers. Never, indeed, have the material means of fulfilling them been so assured. If there is a doubt at all, it can only be a doubt of the necessary vision and human will.


This surely is the crux. In all that

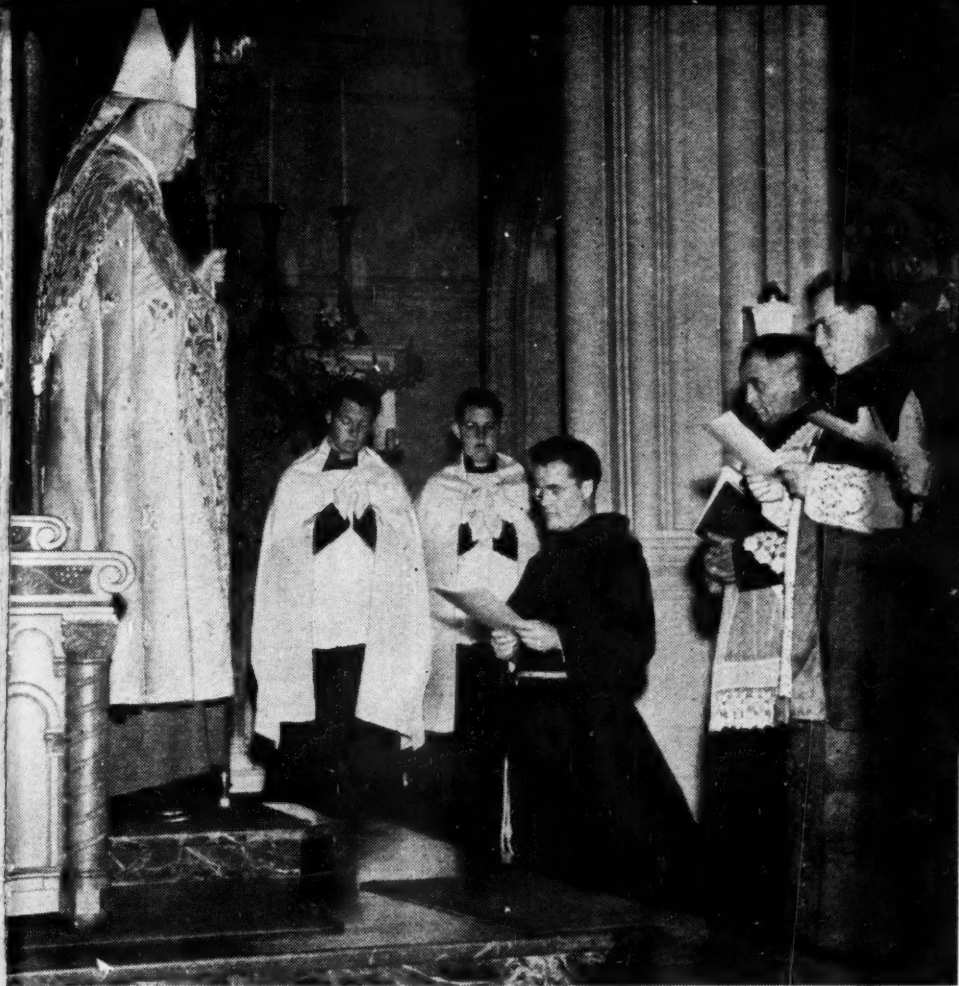
they say of the Western world, the communists are proclaiming the fatal laws of historical necessity. Capitalist society must collapse. There must be practiced selfish imperialism. The Western states must exploit their workers, fight for markets in the world at large, trample down their Asiatic helots, and plunge the world into wars of aggression. It follows that every policy of the West that contradicts these fears (the Marshall plan, extension of economic aid to backward areas, increase in social economic opportunity) breaks with the communists' fundamental gospel; the fatality of history—and restores, triumphantly and creatively, the freedom of the West. We are not bound by collective selfishness. No iron law of economics holds us down. The Western world is a world of freedom, and in it the Western powers can freely choose and freely act.



PICTURE STORY

Trial for Sanctity

Junipero Serra died 165 years ago. Last year he was "tried for sanctity," that is, the Church began to investigate his life to see whether he is worthy of being declared a saint. 



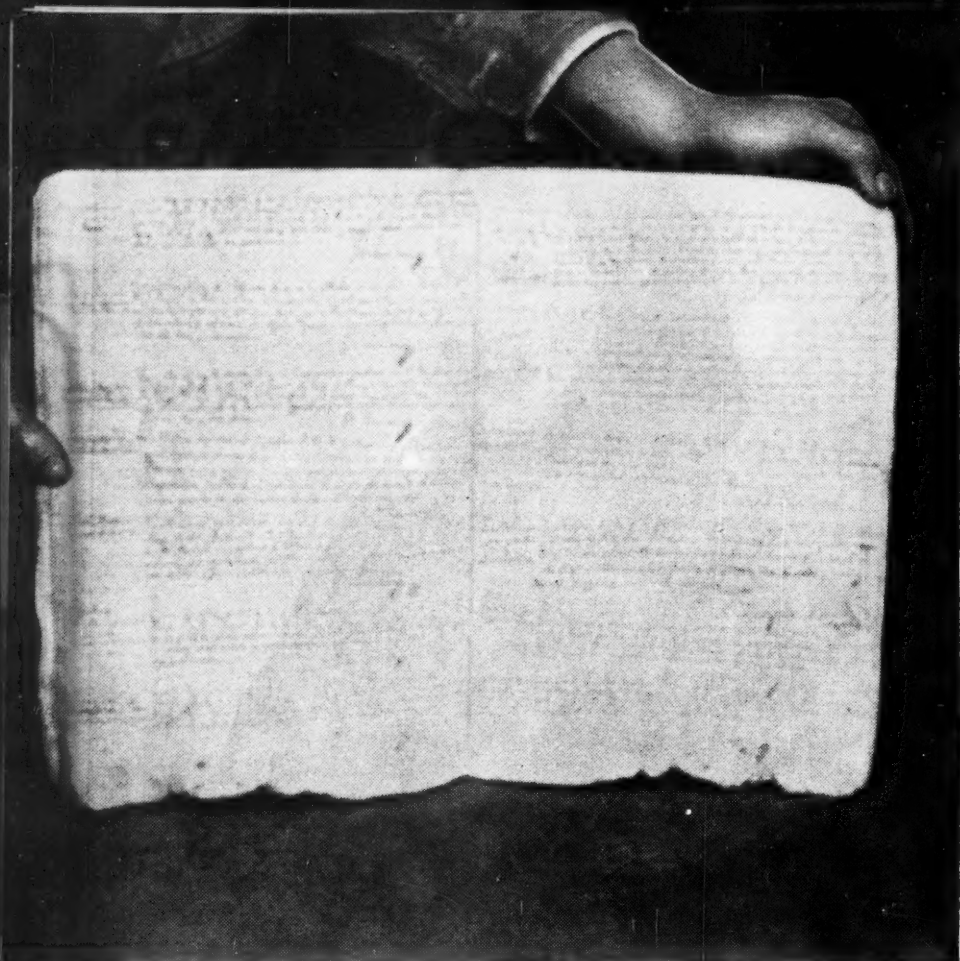
Archbishop John J. Mitty of San Francisco is formally petitioned by vice-postulator Father Eric O'Brien to allow the trial to proceed. The archbishop granted the request and then administered the oaths of fidelity and secrecy to the court members. Sessions of the court, under rules older and more rigid than those of our civil courts, were held in many mission towns founded by Serra.



At the left sits Dr. Herbert E. Bolton, the world's leading authority on Spanish-American history. He is being questioned by Father Lucien Arvin (standing, holding papers in his hand, at the right). The tribunal of judges seated on the altar: Judge Advocate Msgr. Michael Sullivan (center), Associate Judge Father J. Gerald Bolger (left) and Father Joseph D. O'Brien (right). At the extreme right is the notary required by canon law, Father John Ryan. To his right is a court reporter using a stenotype machine.



Margarita Serra is the last living relative of Padre Serra. By the time the Declaration of Independence was signed in Philadelphia, Serra had already founded five missions on the California coast. What Margarita said to Father O'Brien became part of the testimony. It was the responsibility of her questioner to glean only facts, to uncover any unfavorable facts if they existed.



Another piece of evidence is this ancient record found in the Sierra Gorda. The last entry on the right page reads: "On the 7th day of the month of April, 1756, in the church of this mission and city of our Holy Father St. Francis, in the valley of Tilaco, I gave ecclesiastical burial to Francisco Grandon, Pame Indian, of this mission. He was married to Caterina Isabel. In testimony thereof, on said day, month and year. Fr. Junipero Serra."



Father O'Brien prays at the grave of Serra. The tombstone reads:
Fr. Junipero Serra, Apostle of California. 1713-1784.

The court assembled more than 2,000 pages written by Serra himself, nearly 5,000 pages written about him by his contemporaries, and over 1,000 pages of court proceedings. All those were sealed and sent to Rome, where the decision will be made. Father O'Brien prays that Serra will be canonized. So do the many other thousands of people who know the sanctity of Junipero Serra.

Marxism and misinformation have resulted in a silly and dangerous policy

Mr. Truman Doesn't Like Spain

By MERWIN K. HART

Condensed from the *Economic Council Letter**

THERE is no better illustration of the communist and socialist influence on American foreign policy than in U.S. relations with Spain.

From 1939 to 1946, Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Truman maintained full diplomatic relations with Madrid. Alexander W. Weddell, who had been five years ambassador to Argentina, was ambassador to Spain from 1939 to 1942, and Dr. Carlton J. H. Hayes, of Columbia university, from 1942 to 1945.

During that time, Mr. Roosevelt, in the fall of 1942, sent his famous letter to Franco, speaking in the most friendly way of the Franco government, and assuring him Spain had nothing to fear from the allied nations. Mr. Churchill, in a speech in the House of Commons on May 24, 1944, dwelt at length on the aid the Franco government had rendered the Allies. Dr. Hayes confirms this in his book *Wartime Mission in Spain*. The American government had no complaint against Spain when the UN passed its Stalin-inspired resolution of Dec. 12, 1946, requesting all nations to withdraw their ambassadors.

LAST Nov. 4, when the United Nations Assembly repealed a 1946 resolution calling on member states to withdraw the heads of their diplomatic missions from Madrid, President Truman said it would be a long, long time before he would name an ambassador to Spain. Even after he had announced Mr. Griffis' appointment to the Madrid post in December, President Truman told a press conference that, in exchanging ambassadors with Spain, he has not changed his mind one bit with respect to that country.

But the U.S. and other countries complied. This move left us with a fully equipped embassy in Madrid, and Spain, of course, with a fully equipped embassy in Washington. The only thing lacking was an ambassador. And only an ambassador can demand, as a matter of right at any time, an audience with the head of the government to which he is accredited. Our *chargé d'affaires* in Madrid, the very capable Paul Culbertson, had no such right. To withdraw an

*No. 251. National Economic Council, Inc., Empire State Bldg., New York City 1.

ambassador to show dislike for a country is like putting a gag in your own mouth during an argument.

On June 14, 1949, President Truman said that the reason he opposed lending \$50 million to the Franco regime was "because U.S. does not have friendly relations with that government," language which is not used in diplomatic practice unless two countries are at war.

I have tried to find the reason for Mr. Truman's hostility toward Spain. I think there are two causes. One is misinformation. The other is the left-wing British and French Socialist influence.

Not many months ago, a U.S. senator was talking with one of the high officials of the Spanish foreign office in Madrid. This official speaks English fluently, and is of a particularly friendly and genial disposition. In the course of their conversation he asked the senator, "Why is the President so hostile to Spain?" The senator replied, "I am a Baptist, and President Truman is a Baptist; and we do not like the way Spaniards are burning the feet of Baptists in Spain."

The Spanish official, who has a sense of humor, threw back his head and laughed. The senator asked the reason. The Spaniard simply replied, "It is so ridiculous." Yet the senator had believed it to be true, and perhaps still believes it. And perhaps the President believes it, too.

All the President need do to learn the truth about Spain is to send unbiased men there to make a spot investigation and report to him.

A considerable number of U.S. senators and representatives have visited Spain in the last two years. Some of them went there with prejudice against the Franco government. Nearly all of them came away realizing that they had been wrong.

One Jewish congressman made a thorough investigation of a number of matters in Spain, including the treatment of Jews. He also visited Morocco, where there are a considerable number of Jews. He came away favorably impressed. He told a Spanish official that up to that time he had been deceived about Spain. Since his visit, certain Jewish congregations in Morocco urged the government of Israel to vote, in the UN Assembly, to rescind the 1946 resolution to withdraw their ambassadors.

The other cause of the hostility of Mr. Truman's administration is the left-wing British and French Socialist influence. The Spanish foreign office has a photograph which shows Prime Minister Attlee, when he was visiting the English contingent of the communist International Brigade in Spain in 1936, joining with others in the clenched-fist communist salute. Nothing could disclose better where Mr. Attlee's heart lies, nor explain more

clearly the hostile attitude of the British Socialist government toward the Franco government of Spain. Mr. Attlee's brief address to the Brigade on that occasion concluded with the final words of Karl Marx's *Communist Manifesto*: "Workers of the world, unite!"

It is easy to see how an American government guided by Alger Hisses, working with a communist-sympathizing British prime minister, could promote the unfriendly treatment America has handed out to Spain.

But there is more to this opposition of the British and French than appears on the surface.

While I was in Madrid a new trade treaty was signed between France and Spain calling for the exchange of \$80 million of goods during the succeeding 12 months. The foreign minister of Spain told me that Spain now has greater trade with Socialist Britain and Socialist France than she has ever had with those two countries at any time in the past. Those countries can make such deals with Spain only with the huge subsidies the U.S. is now giving to both Britain and France. Spain, without much doubt, would prefer to trade directly with the U.S. in many of the products she is now exchanging with Britain and France. But the attitude of the U.S. toward Spain being hostile, the Spaniards are turning to other countries, and those other countries are getting

the business with Spain. So we are hurting ourselves at both ends.

Just before I reached Spain, the Department of Justice announced its ruling that the new anti-communist law forbade the giving of visas to members of the Falange party of Spain. Certainly few, if any, members of Congress intended that this should be its effect. But those who advise the President were out to get vengeance because the Congress by huge majorities overrode his veto of the anti-communist act.

Now, certain former members of the Falange party were quite possibly in league with Italy and Germany. Both of those countries had a certain number of friends in Spain, and they were the radical members of the Falange party. But as a matter of fact, during a long period, including not only the Spanish revolution but some time thereafter, everybody in Spain belonged to the Falange party—everybody had to, to get jobs. Included were all the most substantial, responsible citizens. Included were, I am told, men all the way up to Don Juan, son of former King Alphonso XIII, himself. Hence to withhold visas to all persons who formerly belonged to the Falange party is to shut out all Spaniards. As a piece of spite, this may serve its purpose at least temporarily; but as an act of statecraft its wisdom is dubious.

The economic situation in Spain is bad, and getting worse. Opinion

has grown in Congress in favor of helping Spain. When in 1949 it became apparent that a loan to Spain would pass the Senate, the administration sent word that it was unnecessary to take such action because Spain could apply to the Export-Import bank for a loan. Enough senators then refrained from voting in favor of this loan to defeat it. When application was made to the Export-Import bank, Spain got the run-around. When Congress by overwhelming vote last summer directed the administration to lend \$62½ million to Spain, the President announced he would stop the loan under all circumstances.

Consider the record of the Washington administration regarding other loans. A loan of \$3½ billion was granted Britain in 1946. That loan was supposed to last three years. It was gone in less than two. Then the Marshall Plan aid was set up, gifts and grants to Britain, France, Italy and several other countries, some of which had been our open enemies in the last war and had shot down huge numbers of our soldiers. So far this aid has amounted to many billions.

Incidentally, the grants to Britain, France and Italy helped to sustain and strengthen socialism. The British Labor government would have long since gone by the board if the U.S. had not subsidized it. We were giving huge sums of money to France, although I find few persons in Europe who think France

would stand up a single moment under Soviet Russian aggression.

The Export-Import bank overnight granted a \$100 million loan to Israel. And there is reason to believe the government of Israel would be of not the slightest use to the U.S. in any war between the U.S. and Russia. Yet after eight months the bank has not yet acted on a Spanish request for a loan of less than \$1 million to buy equipment for a fertilizer plant.

Because famine threatened in Yugoslavia, Secretary Acheson, without any authority from Congress, announced he had sent food to Yugoslavia, a communist government. We gave Yugoslavia \$600 million of UNRRA aid, which mightily helped Tito to overthrow Mikhailovitch, whom we betrayed to Tito. Mr. Acheson said Congress would be asked to authorize the gift of more food.

Spain is a nation for the most part of frugally-living people. She has poverty, as she always has had. The U.S. administration has long talked about raising the standard of living of the poorer people all over the world. But there is no country in the world where more can be accomplished than in Spain, because there is no country where the people are prepared to do more for themselves.

Spanish businessmen and bankers say that \$700 or \$800 million, judiciously spent over four years on agriculture and industry, would

raise immeasurably the standard of living of all Spaniards. Doubtless much of this sum could be put into long-time loans which would be repaid. Spain has never defaulted on a foreign loan.

But more than the welfare of 28 million Spanish people is at stake. Our own national safety is being made the sport of left-wing Washington politicians. Our military men believe the inclusion of Spain would vastly improve the chances of successfully defending Western Europe against communism. Spain is the only country in Europe that has defeated communism in war. Spain has a standing army today of 400,000 men, the largest army west of the Iron Curtain. But it is ill equipped.

We have spent hundreds of millions in trying to stop communism in Greece, to protect the eastern end of the Mediterranean. What is the use of doing this if we let Spain, the western gate to the Mediterranean, lapse into communism? If we let it lapse, we will start all over again landing troops in Spain and liberating the country from the communists. This will result in wholesale destruction of

Spain's cities. And this in turn will furnish the opportunity for the UN (meaning, of course, the U.S.) to institute an elaborate program of "rehabilitation." On this, several billion dollars more of American wealth and resources will be spent, which will further weaken the U.S. And this is precisely what Soviet Russia wishes to see happen. That is why the Alger Hisses in the State Department persistently refuse to let Mr. Truman take the obvious course with respect to Spain.

American foreign policy commands little respect anywhere in the world today. Our policy is thought to be superficial, scatter-brained, conceited in the expectation that the disbursing of large sums of money is going somehow to buy good will.

President Truman is asking Congress to levy heavier taxes and to lay burdensome controls on the American people. These would be utterly unnecessary, had it not been for the reckless and tragic mistakes of this and the prior administrations in foreign policy. Yet, toward Spain the administration persists in a policy that is as filled with tragic possibilities as was Yalta itself.



IN times like these, what we need is less tele and more vision.

Rep. Rob't L. Doughton, N.C.



WHERE there is no vision, the people perish; where there is television, the vision fades.

Arnold Lunn

For these people sorrow is a permanent state.

In the Refugee Camps of Europe

By EDWARD E. SWANSTROM

DISPLACED persons in Europe who receive visas for the U.S., Australia, or South America walk joyfully out of their depressing camp enclosures. But the eyes of other DP's follow them sadly. The others are those who have no hope of leaving until all the camps are closed. Then they will walk out into the destroyed economy of an occupied nation. The DP's to whom all doors are shut are the so-called "uneconomic units." They are the widowers with small children, widows with many children, the aged, ill, blinded, and physically handicapped. Some of them are lawyers, doctors or professors. They make up the "hard core" of the DP's, the group for whom no resettlement opportunities can be found.

Hard-core cases remain because of the hardness of heart of those who could open doors to them and do not. But with funds from its last Laetare Sunday collection, the War Relief Services of the National Catholic Welfare Conference have worked out plans for placing the

Catholic aged, blind, and chronically ill in Catholic institutions. The WRS-NCWC has been aided by grants from the International Refugee Organization.

A young Latvian Catholic woman, with four young children, constituted a hard-core case in one of the desolate DP camps of Germany. Mrs. Zinaida Supé, an intelligent, able woman of 37, told her little brood of four, Edmund, Richard, Irene, and Margita, that they were fatherless. It was five years since she had received even a word from their father, an inmate of a slave-labor camp in Eastern Germany that was swallowed up in the Russian advance. He must be considered dead. Now that IRO was closing the DP camps, they would have to find some way to live on the tiny allowance given to widows for the care of dependent children.

Suddenly, the loving hands of Catholic women in the U.S. reached out to Mrs. Supé and to her four fatherless little ones.

The Catholic Daughters of

This article is an excerpt from an open letter addressed to the priests of the U.S. by Msgr. Edward E. Swanstrom, executive director, War Relief Services—National Catholic Welfare Conference, official agency of the bishops of America for relief abroad. A collection for this agency will be taken up on Laetare Sunday (March 4 this year) in all Catholic churches in the U.S.

America had a job for Mrs. Supé, a home for the family of five. Quietly the little family boarded the *General Sturgis*, bound for the U.S. with hundreds of other DP's. I met the *General Sturgis* and saw the fabulous welcome given to Mrs. Supé and her four lovely children, for she was the 200,000th DP brought to the U.S. A bishop of the New York archdiocese, the mayor of New York, the DP commission, the supreme regent of the Catholic Daughters of America, the DP chairman of the National Council of Catholic Women—all were on hand to tell this brave little mother that she and her fatherless children were truly welcome. Mrs. Supé wept as she told us of her incredible happiness at being offered a home in America and a

chance for her children after six desolate years in slave-labor and DP camps. If hearts were more on fire with love for those who are shelterless and helpless, many more of the so-called hard-core cases among the DP's could find havens here.

Meanwhile, the chronically ill, the war-maimed, the tubercular, the blind, the aged among the DP's have a special call on our charity. The first hospital for chronically ill DP's was turned over to the Caritas organization last October at Regensburg. Tended by nuns (who are also DP's, from Czechoslovakia) it will provide for a first group of 300 of the helpless as long as they need care. For other hard-core cases the WRS-NCWC has set up a staff of case workers under supervision of Father Edward P. McSweeney.

Involuntary exile is always a bitter thing. When one is a homeless exile and also helplessly ill or aged, the cup of gall for many DP's might run over if it were not for the gifts of American Catholics. Loving care by nuns and priests ease the pain of the exiled, and show them that God's mercy is round about them always.

A Labor of Love

SOMEONE once asked Bernadette of Lourdes what she was doing in bed. The future saint replied, "I am doing my work." "And what is that?" asked the other. "It is being sick," replied Bernadette.

Thomas A. Lahey, C.S.C., in the *Ave Maria* (3 June '50).



Pain-in-the-Neck Personality Traits

By FRANK S. CAPRIO, M.D.

Condensed from *Your Personality**

A PAIN-IN-THE-NECK is an individual who is always complaining, a perpetual griper. As a result of his own inner discontentment he makes everyone else miserable.

He wonders why he's never invited the second time. The girl friend finds an excuse when he calls. At work he keeps waiting for the raise that fails to come.

He goes from one job to another and is unable to hold friends. Such a person can rightly be labeled a personality freak. There is something wrong with his make-up. He's a neurotic. However, a neurotic is neither to be pitied nor ridiculed. He is sick, and in need of enlightenment.

I try to teach my patients that the saying, "Once a neurotic, always a neurotic" is not true; that a willingness to change for the better is half the cure.

The first step necessary for this self-betterment campaign is to recognize and purge yourself of those personality liabilities which characterize the pain-in-the-neck.

No one enjoys being avoided by other people. Here are some traits to guard against.

Excessive complaining. Are you a hypochondriac? Do you enjoy telling people about your ailments? Nothing is so unpleasant as to hear someone forever complaining about his health. It's either a headache, indigestion, neuralgia pains, or his operation. Not to feel well is bad enough. But to tell the world about it is almost unforgivable.

Two people may be ill with a cold. One will take his medicine, stay in bed, do what the doctor tells him, and wait for nature to make him well. This person has a "normal" reaction to his illness.

The other fellow asks a thousand and one questions. He wishes to know if his cold will develop into pneumonia, if it's all right to smoke, or to stay out of bed for a little while. He's heard of a good old-fashioned remedy for a cold. He's uncooperative, grouchy, and likes a lot of attention. Nurses in hospitals refer to a man like that as a pain-in-the-neck.

Self-centeredness is another mark of the pain-in-the-neck. Everything is checked in terms of "How does it affect me?" It is a "What can I gain?" attitude. The self-centered man is always thinking about himself, the clothes he wears, what he eats, how people take him, wondering if various organs of his body are working rightly.

I generally tell him he is suffering from "egoitis." He becomes tremendously interested, believing he has some new disease which no one else has. It's amusing to watch the expression on his face when he learns that "egoitis" is a fancy term for "self-centeredness"—too much "I"—a personality disease rather than a physical illness.

In this group are the conceited, the vain, and the selfish. This type of individual is an egocentric crank. The world moves around him. He fails to realize that he is one out of two billion people inhabiting an earth 24,000 miles around.

Emotional immaturity is another personality-liability that puts us in a bad light with our friends. We all know the person who acts like a child. He's jealous and moody. His feelings are easily hurt. He shirks responsibility, depends upon someone else to do the dirty work. This is the spoiled-child type of crank. His inferiority stands out like a sore thumb.

Most of us dislike *stubbornness*. There is nothing quite so obnoxious

as the person who is always right, never compromises, and is happiest when he can get into a free-for-all argument. A mule should be stubborn, but the same trait in a human being is repulsive. Narrow-mindedness and political and religious fanaticism are forms of stubbornness.

In fact, one of the surest ways of alienating friends is to give them the impression that you cannot be convinced about anything, that you are a bullheaded crank.

Irritability is another bad trait. The chip-on-the-shoulder crank has a "defensive personality." He mistrusts the sincerity of friends, takes things to heart, rejects criticism. One wrong word, and he explodes. Really, he is dissatisfied with himself, finds it necessary to project his inner unhappiness on to others.

Remember that it is the unhappy neurotic who is cranky, belligerent, and hard to get along with. The happy, well-integrated person doesn't show irritability. He's immune to other's abusiveness, won't allow others to make him unhappy. His trump card is a sound practical philosophy based on the principle that it is easier to get along with everyone than to get along with a few. The wise man has cultivated the habit of self-control.

Remember now, knowledge gained is sterile unless applied. You have been made wiser if, in taking an inventory of yourself, you determine to throw your own personality liabilities to the scrap heap.

They keep their promise about no red tape; what you get is a ball and chain

Vultures on Loan St.

By RICHARD Y. GILES

Condensed from a book*



Who shot Dutch Schultz, and why? The papers, back in 1935, were lavish with speculations.

The office of Special Prosecutor Thomas E. Dewey soon offered light. At the hour of his death, Schultz's connection with racket lenders was under Dewey's scrutiny. Schultz's most publicized rivals had held a meeting. Several gangs had been joining forces to exploit the midtown and upper Manhattan small-loan markets. They probably resented competition from Schultz.

The "Shylock racket" had been growing prodigiously. Some 2,000 persons were in the business of doling out \$5 loans to borrowers, shaking them down for the standard interest payments of \$1 a week for every \$5, and beating customers who were delinquent in repayments. Three suicides were reported due to loan-shark terrorism, and at least 30 cases of assault. Untold

numbers of quaking victims were still hidden in the shadows.

The volume of the loan racket in New York City was estimated at around \$1 million a week. Operating on a capital of perhaps \$4 million, the "Shys" were taking in something like \$10 million a year in illegal interest. At least 50,000 New Yorkers were believed to be caught in the net, a number that might easily be doubled.

This sinister invasion of the small-loan field was attributed by the Dewey office to prohibition repeal. Deprived of the rich bootlegging trade, the gangs were compelled to find new sources of income. The policy racket, book-making, strike breaking, and labor thuggery had been combined with moneylending to launch the mobs on a new wave of prosperity.

The press release from the Dewey office appeared in Friday papers. On the following Monday, with the help of 300 witnesses, 15 police

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squads, and a grand jury and judge who sat up till three in the morning, the Dewey staff rounded up 27 loan sharks. For the first time the story appeared on page one. In three months, the prosecutor's office had completed the heroic labor of interviewing more than 1,000 witnesses, singling out 27 suspects, and staging a perfect raid.

Of the 27 arrested, eight were accused of feloniously beating delinquent borrowers or extorting money through threats. All were charged with the same two misdemeanors: lending money without a license and exacting usurious interest.

"The lowest rate per annum," said the prosecutor in his preliminary statement, "was 160%, the highest 1040%. Each defendant has preyed on the poorest class of people, making \$15, \$18, and \$20 a week. Two specialized on WPA workers, others on post-office employees getting about \$1600 a year; still others, on people on relief."

One of the prisoners carried on his loan business from a cigar stand in an office building. One owned a cigar store. One ran a barber shop. Still another operated from a bench in Madison Square park, where he managed to open accounts with several hundred of the lower-paid employees of a leading life insurance company which owns a skyscraper across the street.

Dewey whipped the cases through like a pack of greased pigs. His prisoners were tried in one month.

Twenty were convicted; sentences ran up to five years.

At the bottom of the human pile there is a zone of distress which it is easy for the unscrupulous to exploit. Many people go to a money-lender as they go to a doctor, only when they see disaster near.

In their desperation and ignorance, they are frequently taken in by quacks. Pride also plays a part.

It would have been cheaper to have borrowed \$100 at the highest legal rate than \$5 from a Shylock. In 1935 the licensed loan companies in New York State were charging 36% per annum on the first \$100. The Morris Plan was lending at a discounted rate which, figured together with fees, came to about 18% per annum. The Provident Loan society's philanthropic pawnshops were charging 12%. At the National City bank, then a newcomer to the installment-loan business, the effective rate was 9%. Credit unions in New York were charging 12% or less. Most of those lenders would lend you \$100 on your signature alone, if you had a job. But the Shylockers' victims did not know this.

Probably there never has been a more despicable group of loan sharks than the men Thomas E. Dewey rounded up in 1935. Their methods were savage. But collection agents for licensed lenders and installment houses have been known to inflict severe mental suffering on their customers, stopping short of

mayhem but frightening them half to death. Interest rates have been inflated and concealed. Efforts of all sorts have been made to increase the borrower's indebtedness.

The out-and-out loan sharks are public enemies in some states, but first-class citizens in others. In the South, illegal lenders are often men of influence. Their power has defeated, time and again, the campaign for effective legislation. A judge appointed to the South Carolina state Supreme Court was indicted within a month by the Federal Anti-Trust division for high-rate lending. A citizen of Atlanta runs an illegal chain in the South and one of the leading legal chains in the North. Alabama has a particularly black reputation; its government is said to be loaded with loan sharks and their relatives. In January, 1948, a woman in Birmingham strangled her baby in order to collect a small burial policy and pay off her husband's loans. Men familiar with conditions in the state attribute at least one suicide a month to loan-shark pressure.

This is not to say that the loan sharks have no opposition. Legal-aid societies, better business bureaus, and chambers of commerce have all attempted to rescue distressed borrowers, rewrite laws, and educate the public. For 25 years the Russell Sage Foundation lobbied for uniform small-loan laws and was successful in 30 states. But the rest of the states remain a battleground,

complete with the loan vultures.

One of the battleground states is Georgia. A quirk of the Georgia law permits you to buy another man's salary without becoming subject to the usury laws. You can pay him \$40 for the \$50 he will receive next pay day, and the \$10 profit you make is not interpreted by the courts as an interest charge. In most northern courts this device is now considered moneylending.

Of 10,417 personal-bankruptcy petitions filed in Atlanta between 1930 and 1940, 85% came from individuals who had been dealing with loan sharks. Armed with such facts as these, the Legal Aid society persuaded 300 employers in Atlanta in 1930 to protect their employees from the claims of salary buyers. It was a severe blow, for the sharks relied heavily on the cooperation, however reluctant, of employers. The reasons for borrowing were what you might expect, bills, illness, debts.

The need for small loans is real. If it is not met legally, it will be met illegally. If it is not met by fair means, it will be met by foul. This, at least, was the line of argument that led the Russell Sage Foundation to propose legalizing interest rates of 36% per annum.

But even where such legislation has been passed and illegal lending has faded away, the necessity for policing the loan business persists. Michigan discovered this in 1944 when an honest newspaper, a color-

ful attorney, and a startled grand jury found that state legislators and installment lenders had been working together. The corruption exposed in high places carried Kim Zigler, the prosecutor, to the governorship, won the *Detroit Free Press* a Pulitzer prize, and brought reporter Kenneth C. McCormick a coveted fellowship.

Eight Michigan finance-company officers were indicted, but only three were convicted. Seventeen members of the legislature were convicted. The usual plea of the loan-company representatives was something like, "We didn't realize what we were getting into. Everybody else was doing it."

The Michigan story may make you wonder whether the campaign for a small-loan law was worth the trouble. Have the illegal loan sharks been replaced by legal loan sharks?

There is something unfair about taking the loan companies seriously when they claim to be enemies of the loan sharks. This is at least half trade puffery, no different from the soap and toothpaste ads that promise health, wealth, and happy marriage. There is no need to feel savage about it. As businessmen, the licensed lenders have undoubtedly made some contributions to the welfare of consumers and certainly promise more for the future than could be hoped for from illegal operations. The figures show that licensed loan companies have helped keep the loan sharks down.

One question that has never been taken up by university-sponsored conferences on consumer credit is whether there is more money in legal or illegal lending. Several top figures in the small-loan business could discuss this from long personal experience. If that man in Atlanta, Ga., who operates illegally in the South and legally in the North, would open his two sets of books to the public, a good deal of light might be thrown on the whole small-loan business.

He was indicted in 1944, along with 70 executives of 12 other southern moneylending chains, by a federal grand jury in San Antonio, Texas, on charges of conspiring to maintain interest rates at artificially high levels and to split up territories.

Thus far, however, the delaying tactics of the defendants have been highly successful. Witnesses have been dying off, and the Justice Department's chances weaken every day. A writ of severance, granted by the Federal District court in 1949, made it necessary for the government to prepare a separate case against each of the more than 80 defendants, an almost hopeless job.

In dealing with usury, the sword of justice is neither terrible nor swift. The sharp edge of commercial competition also grows blunt by gentlemen's agreements. What remains now to be seen is how the borrowers can help themselves.*

*See next article (p. 115).

Banker for the Poor

By GEORGE BOYLE

Condensed from a book*



CREDIT UNIONS are organizations of people to obtain democratic answers to their own grave economic problems. They are at the heart of the cooperative movement.

The cooperative movement, as many people do not know, is capitalism—at its best. Capitalism stands for private ownership and use of property. The co-ops encourage the widest possible ownership and use of private property.

If today in Canada you are unable to find one communist in regions where once communism was most firmly entrenched, thank Alphonse Desjardins, founder of the credit union movement. Thank his wife Dorimene, and farsighted men in high and low places in Church and state, who backed him and helped him.

Desjardins' lifetime theme was that all men have a social duty. Here is the story of his adventure in the field of spiritual values and ideas.

*The Poor Man's Prayer. Copyright 1951, and reprinted with permission of Harper & Brothers, New York City. 207 pp. \$2.50. This volume and Credit for the Millions (see p. 111) obtainable also from CUNA Supply Cooperative, P. O. Box 391, Madison 1, Wis., and P. O. Box 65, Hamilton, Ont., Canada.

*His establishments now have \$200 million in assets; but \$4,119.43
is his own money that he never got back*

Banker for the Poor

By GEORGE BOYLE

THE MAN who sat next to Alphonse Desjardins spoke first. He asked Alphonse if the doctor were really in, so slow was the movement along the line of waiting patients. Alphonse said he thought he was.

"You've been sick for some time?" Alphonse asked.

"Nigh on two years," he said. "My name's Henry Treaser. I've a farm near Huntingdon, P. Q. In the first six months, it took near all our savings, what with doctors' bills and medicine, and me not workin'. If I can only hold on to the home is what bothers me."

"You mean . . .?"

"After about six months our cash was gone and I heard of a loan company. I thought it plumb convenient at the time—humph!"

He continued, "Three loans I got in all. Of course, I didn't make no payments, and that compound interest, how it did gather! When I got the bill here a month back I owed as much again as I had borrowed. And it's still goin' on."

For all of that, Mr. Treaser was genial and there was no trace of bitterness in him, which aroused Alphonse's interest the more. As he

listened to the man talk, Alphonse thought that he was like one born to the vocation of getting the dirty end of things; when the doctor's receptionist called his own name he was a little reluctant to part with this humble man who took the blows as if they were his inheritance.

The treatment which Alphonse received in the Montreal hospital started him back to health. He began to gain weight. He soon became acquainted with other patients.

One day he spied Henry Treaser, his friend of the waiting room. Treaser was as genial as ever. "I've a chance," he told Alphonse, "a fighting chance. But with the hospital treatment and all—I've had to make over the farm."

"To whom?"

"To the loan company. I signed the deed this morning."

"You didn't think," said Alphonse, "of going to some trusted friend for—for the loan?"

"T wasn't that I didn't think of it. But a feller hates to embarrass a friend like that; and this loan company, they keeps everything secret that way."

"Oh, yes, it's a secret." The quality of Alphonse's tones was lost upon Treaser, who could only think of the loss of his land and home.

"Y'know," he went on, "a feller gets 'tached to his land when he's worked it for nigh on to 40 years." The man who had been carefree had a sob in his voice now. He was beginning to whine and his spirit was breaking.

This man was licked. His medical costs were going on at rates of interest he would never be able to pay. The thought saddened and angered Alphonse.

Before long, he was back home in Lévis. He would wake up in the early morning light. This long convalescence made you a poor sleeper. It was a time to think in the early morning, before Dorimène, his wife, had stirred, and before the children came to with their clatter.

From the pulpits in the churches it was said that the cross was noble. It was the way of Christ, Himself. Some called it the royal road. But outside the Church men ran from it. Those who had poverty tended to hide it. Those who didn't have it feared it. They all ran from suffering in the raw. The modern world found in the very thought of suffering a stumbling block. Yet the denial of suffering made it all the harder to bear.

Yes, the mask must come off. Those who suffered poverty or pain should admit it. But if they did,

and found only that they had embarrassed a friend they would only add to their unhappiness.

Well, he'd get out today and walk as the doctor ordered; he'd take the ferry to Quebec, and look around. Maybe he'd bump into some former friends from the legislature, where he had been recorder.

Later, when he had pleasantly fatigued himself, he turned into the library. Now was the time to read, he thought, as he came to the long tables.

"On my word, I'm most glad to see you back, Alphonse Desjardins." It was bearded old Felix Desbarres. "Sit down, man, sit down. It is not every day that I have a chance to greet in person a man who has left a standard in the recording of public documents which our province should not forget in a generation."*

Alphonse smiled and pulled up a chair. It was good to meet a man of conversation.

"Leave it to a literary critic like yourself," he said, "to recognize something or other in a document."

Old Felix closed his notebook. "Do you know one of the main curses of our public and political life is that men have their hearts eaten out alive by rivalries of factions! After awhile they can't think straight."

"Well, anyhow," said Alphonse,

*Alphonse had taken down the speeches in the Quebec legislature in shorthand, published them for 10 years (1889-1910). He was fired because he refused to change the record.

"I've had another experience. It reminded me of my father's ill-health, and what can happen to a family when the breadwinner is struck. There was a man in the hospital with me. He lost everything he owned."

"No money?"

"No credit. Went to a money-lender. And lost his farm."

"That reminds me," said Felix, picking up his brief case. "You mention moneylending. Have you ever heard of a man named Friedrich Wilhelm Raiffeisen? I have just read about his work in a paper from Paris. Yes, here is the piece. He formed societies of credit for those who needed it."

"Tell me about it."

"Well, the gist of it is this. About 30 years ago, moneylenders, cattle buyers, and land brokers were exploiting the rural people in Germany. Raiffeisen set up about 100 credit societies in the Rhine province. They were to loan money to the needy at the lowest possible rate of interest.

"Raiffeisen was a burgomaster. He went to visit a sick person and caught typhoid fever. It left his sight bad. He had to give up his office as burgomaster. Then, going blind, he started these societies and gave all his time and energy to them.

"He was a plain, simple man. One of a family of nine. He was of the Protestant faith. But Catholic priests came to see him and get his

advice. His charity drew all. But here, you take the copy with you. You can mail it back to me in a few days."

THE homeward-bound ferryboat rose and fell gently. Alphonse picked a quiet seat and his eyes sought the rest of the article that Felix Desbarres had given him. The author had quoted from Raiffeisen himself.

"The society aims less at obtaining business profits than the strengthening of the economically weak and the furtherance of the intellectual and moral well-being of its members.

"The only means to eliminate selfishness is the practice of Christianity in public life. Now is the time to express this thought openly and to strive earnestly for its realization. I have in mind that Christian charity which, based on love of God, is the basis of the constitution, in fact of the entire organization of the loan association.

"'Whatever ye have done unto the least of these My brethren, ye have done unto Me.' These words of our Saviour constitute the basis of the loan associations and their organization."

Raiffeisen, the writer concluded, knew enough about the world to see that nothing worked more against virtue than hapless poverty and misery. He had turned to the cooperative idea because it could stifle selfishness and sought moral

improvements in economic conduct.

Slowly Alphonse walked up the cliff. As he pondered, Alphonse saw the answer.

In every community—or rather, parish, which was the unit in which he thought—there are lots of good, kind people who want to chip in with their neighbors when any kind of trouble comes. But each one's will to help is separated from the other's, and one doesn't even realize that the other feels that way. And the little individual, anyway, is not able to do much alone. But what if the so-disposed came together and were banded in a regular little institution run by themselves? Then there would be a regular field-going organism to succor the needy.

Why, in every parish of Quebec there ought to be one such.

From his writings it was certain, too, that Raiffeisen was not thinking of any impersonal service. The area that each society should serve should be restricted. The members must know each other. These thoughts Alphonse kept in his mind.

His health improved. Soon his new chance came. His record in the Green Chamber did not go unnoticed. In the very next year the post of French-language stenographic clerk in the House of Commons at Ottawa became vacant. He was offered the job, and took it, at \$2,000 a year.

There Alphonse met the profes-

sors at the College of Lévis, the gray granite buildings of which loomed in the background just opposite the Desjardins' home.

A little group had formed a cell of social studies. They had met from time to time in the room of one of the priests. There were three professors taking part. Abbé Joseph Hallé was the philosopher of the group. He later became Bishop of Hearst, in Ontario. Abbé Stanislaus Irénée Lecours was bursar of the college. There was the young Abbé Philibert Grondin. And there was Alphonse.

Alphonse wanted these meetings. He wanted to be ready. He knew that any effort to get the people to manage their own money and credit even in a small way would be looked upon with suspicion. It would be attacked. It would be smeared with the epithet *socialism*.

"Are only a few people to handle the money of a community?" he asked. "Who ever stops to think what power is placed into the hands of these few when that is done? And they do not ask us to do it; we ask them to take our money and keep it for us. Why?"

"It is doubtless due," said Abbé Hallé, "to the fact that little or no thought has been put on the subject. With the rise of capitalism the old social organization of the village tended to go to pieces. That meant that everyone went out for himself."

"It is not then a case of a few

being born to this service; it is that they went into this service because there was no one else doing it." The speaker was Abbé Grondin, the young professor, whose face was quickly aglow at any thought of assisting the people.

"There is, of course, a very real question of competence," said Abbé Lecours. "Taking care of money, keeping accounts, and, above all, looking after loans—that takes experience. A few mistakes and the whole thing gets discredited." Abbé Lecours was stressing the weak points. Some one of the group always took that side to make things clearer.

"My idea," said Alphonse, "is that it all depends on thrift. If the savings are made by the people and the funds accumulated, the competence to manage will soon follow." A current of excitement ran through the other three.

"The first thing," Alphonse went on, "is to teach the people to save, and to put their savings together."

"Do you think our people can be taught to save in a way that would make it worth while?" asked Abbé Lecours.

"Why, if families only saved what they habitually waste in liquor and tobacco, they would soon accumulate a ready source of credit," said Abbé Grondin.

"They do it in Belgium and Germany and Italy, why can't we do it here?" asked Alphonse. "If some of our people, even the poor, are

wasteful, it is because of a kind of despair of ever getting anywhere.

"The one question is, are we on sound moral grounds in presuming to organize the people in this way? Could it be that our religious or civil leaders might find a legitimate objection?"

"Workingmen's associations and all their rights are defended strongly," said Abbé Hallé, "in the encyclical *Rerum Novarum*, by Pope Leo XIII."

"We have in mind," exclaimed Alphonse, "a cooperative society for credit, a *caisse populaire* (peoples' bank). Its purpose is service. That fact should help to make its right all the more secure."

"With talking this subject out it becomes clearer," said Abbé Hallé. "There will be both a saving and a giving away because one's savings go into a pool to help one's fellows. In this one act, then, there is a double virtue."

Abbé Grondin raised both hands: "We must have," he said, "a clear explanation of what the *caisse populaire* is and how it works. That is very necessary."

"It is, above all, a union of persons," answered Alphonse. "The capital is only a simple tool. Capital has not the directing power, as in financial concentrations which aim at an increase of profits. The most important point will be the choosing of members. The conditions of admission ought to be a spirit of cooperation, honesty, love

of work, and the practice of saving.

"There are two principal purposes. The first will be to encourage thrift. Regular savings are to be encouraged even if they are very small, for the poorest are the ones who need this most.

"The second purpose is to make loans to members (only) who need them. The reason for the loan will be known and repayments will be agreed upon on a regular plan.

"To make sure of the best possible choice of members, the field of each society must be defined on a territorial or occupational basis. The *caisse populaire* is to function among the humble. And it is to be based on the principle of one man, one vote."

Abbé Lecours raised a questioning hand.

"Can the poor help the poor?" he asked. "What can they save? It is nothing."

Alphonse said evenly, "They can save a little. Besides," he continued, and the force of his words startled the priests, "much of the poverty we see has its root in despair. They give up trying. They think they will always be failures, and become more wasteful than the rich. If we profess Christian brotherhood we can hope to arouse them from that."

Abbé Grondin was chafing to seize the thread of the subject. "In some countries," he began, "religion was not supposed to be concerned with the condition of the working

masses. The capitalists must have free rein. *Laissez faire!* That was never so in the Province of Quebec. Our first bishop, the venerable Laval, had teachers of the arts and crafts brought here so that the common people might by their work provide themselves with the necessities. If the Church worked with a feudal system here, it was because it hoped to inspire the seigneurs to do the right thing by the people. Now that has passed and capitalism has come. The poor are still with us. It is rather worse now for those who don't succeed, for capitalism has taught the people not to employ themselves at crafts but to find an employer. They leave our farms and villages and seek wages.

"We must attack the problem of poverty. Can we preach patience, and Christ crucified, to them, when we ourselves are well cared for and the cross on them is breaking their backs?"

CAME another time and another place. Above the table the kerosene lamp sputtered. One corner of the wick was jagged, and a shapely half-moon in black began to form inside the glass chimney.

It was nearly time to open the meeting. Alphonse Desjardins saw the chairs filling up. Almost 100 people had gathered already in the hall of La Société des Artisans on Eden St. in Lévis.

They were all classes, he could see, neighbors and friends. That

was well. They were interested.

He would tell them. When he was called upon to speak, the words moved out, one driving the other to the ears before him. The years of his study poured out and created confidence.

Thrift, first of all, he told them. Even 10¢ at a time. Then, in time, loans would be possible. This society must have a board of directors, a credit committee to look after loans, and a supervising committee to keep check on all activities.

The kerosene fumes grew heavy in the hall. Outside, the December night settled black and cold. The half-moon on the lamp covered one side of the chimney when Alphonse sat down.

There was a lull, then clapping. The people shuffled their feet and looked at each other. A clearing of throats set in and relayed around the hall. This man Desjardins had an idea. If he was taking the risk, that was very kind

Alphonse didn't have long to wait. He found himself elected president, after some small speeches by members brought on a successful vote for organization. They elected directors, as he had explained to them, and committees. The meeting was excited over this.

Alphonse signaled for attention. Would those who wished to subscribe shares in *La Caisse Populaire de Lévis* declare themselves? About 80 persons came up. They could sign the charter. One was Abbé G.

E. Carrier, head of the College of Lévis. That was good. There was a cell of social studies at the college. Another was Abbé F. X. Gosselin, curé of Lévis. That was support, too. The people respected them.

When the meeting was over, Alphonse went home. "Oh, I'm proud," Dorimène said. "Proud that they trust you. They must, you know, when they make an organization like that. It is a salute to your idea and your studying."

Then suddenly he saw the worry and perplexity welling up in her eyes, and she was saying, "I only hope that this will not lead into any trouble for you. You are a civil servant. And your name before the public. . . ."

Alphonse took off his coat and hung his winter cap above it. He was afraid, too. "We must pray," he whispered.

Alphonse went to his room; right now he wanted privacy. He took a small paper tablet from the bureau.

Yes, Dorimène was right. He was a civil servant. As a civil servant you had to watch your *p's* and *q's*. He'd already been bounced once at Quebec. Alphonse laid the little tablet on the table and picked up his pen. Dorimène came in, complained a little, and went to bed and slept. Still he sat there, unmoving. Now and then he put another paragraph on the little sheet.

On Sunday, Alphonse went to high Mass, at Notre Dame de Lévis. Abbé Gosselin came out to preach.

"The century has seen being born those admirable works of Christian charity, known under the name of the St. Vincent de Paul societies, coming to the help of the needy. These associations and people's banks spread in Europe and gave substantial benefits to the population. In passing, I salute with deep satisfaction the foundation in our city of a similar society, or people's bank, giving promise of much benefit among you. I am proud to say it, that it will be to the glory of Lévis to have started the first people's bank on the continent, and I wish it success and the very great popularity which is enjoyed by its sister organizations in Europe."

What a surprise! The parish priest coming out like that. Three weeks later *La Caisse Populaire de Lévis* opened its doors. The first deposit was 10¢. At the end of that first opening the total sum on hand was \$26.40.

ALPHONSE was away to the sessions of the House of Commons in the winter and home in the summer. In the winters Dorimène was saddled with the whole burden. Year by year it grew. Her house had become like a public institution. The word got around that a group of people in Lévis had saved \$40,000 in five years, and had a little bank of their own. And people in other places started to do the same.

Alphonse tried to have legislation introduced into the House of Com-

mons, Ottawa, that would permit and guide the development on a Dominion-wide basis. When it reached the Senate it was defeated by one vote. Defeat was upon the ground that such legislation belonged properly to the sphere of provincial lawmaking, not Dominion.

Alphonse drew up an act to be presented to the Quebec legislature. He got the help of M. Ensèbe Bel-leau, a lawyer of Lévis. Sir Lomer Gouin was premier of the province. Alphonse put this first draft in his pocket and went to see him. They were good friends.

"Here," said Alphonse, "is an opportunity for the legislative power to serve the interests of the workers."

The premier read over the act carefully. Then he said, "My dear Alphonse, you have prepared in that act for the economic independence of our people. I myself will sponsor it before the legislature."

He did. It was passed unanimously in both chambers. It became known as the Quebec Syndicates act, and was considered a model in cooperative law. Alphonse was delighted. It put an end to the danger that had hung over him for years and which had been the source of Dorimène's fears. The *caisse* would become incorporated under the new law and he, as promoter, or any directors would have the protection of limited liability. If there should be losses, no one person would have to stand them.

From that time the movement

was really in motion. There were 12 new *caisses* by the end of 1908.

Alphonse still was frequently called to meetings. He would be asked to speak, and afterward to spend hours instructing directors and committeemen. All his summers were taken up in this work. He asked no fee. He got no expenses. He put his hand in his own pocket and paid. For lodging he stayed at the priest's house or at a friend's. Sometimes he took his lunch with him. Dorimène would put it up in a small bag.

Dorimène became not only his trusted aide in keeping the *caisse* while he was away, but also his counselor in the many points of policy. As the societies grew, the two instigators could feel a sustaining satisfaction. He would pore over books, squint at columns of figures, write letters, make journeys, and pay his own expenses—and all on \$2,000 a year.

In Quebec, the Syndicates act gave legal status to the *caisse populaire* and other co-ops. There was no similar enabling legislation for Canada as a whole. Alphonse now made a move at Ottawa to have an enabling bill brought in. This bill was sent to a parliamentary committee for study. This committee called for hearings. Those who wanted the bill must explain and defend their cause. It would be hard to say what might have become of Alphonse and his movement at this point had not an un-

expected ally suddenly appeared on the scene, as if from nowhere.

The man wore a cap and sports clothes. He was tall, bold, and had large eyes and a heavy mustache. He came on horseback. He knocked at Alphonse's door in Lévis. "Excuse me," said the stranger, "but have I the honor to greet Alphonse Desjardins?"

Alphonse smiled slightly. "Then I have a favor to ask of you. The name's Grey, Albert Grey."

"Albert Grey?" Alphonse rubbed his eyes.

"I wish to make application to become a member of *La Caisse Populaire de Lévis*."

"And may I inquire your occupation?"

"Governor general."

"But yes, of course!" stammered Alphonse. Although he had seen Grey in Ottawa, he hadn't recognized him now at first sight. The sports clothes deceived him. Alphonse, for once, was flustered. The governor general of Canada himself! The top of the nation politically! Top of the social register, too!

"I am most anxious," said Earl Grey, "to learn of the principles upon which your bank is run and, if I may, look at some of the account books, the record of deposits, and loans."

"Your Excellency, it will be a pleasure," Alphonse said.

It came time for the governor general to leave. He said, "You know, of course, of the talk in the

Parliament? A committee will look into your work and all that." Alphonse liked this man. He felt he could trust him, more than any man in Canadian public life, for he was above the quicksands of politics.

"I am afraid," he said, "quite apart from the committee, the interests that are opposing this will appear. They will make a fool of me."

"Then let me tell you they will also have to make a fool of me. And we will be fools together." He laughed.

Earl Grey next asked for a piece of paper. He wrote something down, passed the paper to Alphonse, shook hands, and left. Alphonse and Dorimène looked at the piece of paper. It was a special invitation to the levée of the governor general to be held at the official residence at Quebec.

Now the idea had friends, not only in the high circle of religious leaders, but in the civil realm as well. As for Alphonse, he was a man driven by other men's needs and by his own creations.

Six months in Ottawa, six months in Lévis! Year by year people in all walks of life became interested. Correspondence grew voluminous. Alphonse had no stenographer; no carbon copies were kept.

The number of societies increased, and multiplied their funds. Constant demands were made upon Alphonse.

There was recognition from

abroad. Pierre Jay, bank commissioner for Massachusetts, and Edward A. Filene, of the famous Filene store of Boston, were asking him to come to the U.S. They wanted to see how a credit union could be organized and they wanted also a law drawn up. He went. On the same trip he founded the first credit union in the U.S., in Manchester, N.H. Soon others were started.

The Russel Sage Foundation asked him to New York to tell of his work. The same credit-union law that he had prepared for Massachusetts was in time adopted for New York.

The same year, President Taft invited him to Washington. This time it was to a conference of state governors and also to the Southern Commercial congress. He was invited to join a group which was going on a study tour of Europe. This, he felt, he must decline because of the obligation of his work in Quebec.

The state did not honor him. He remained nothing more than a stenographic clerk all his days.

But the Church did not pass him by. It was announced that Alphonse Desjardins was to be made a commander of the Order of St. Gregory, in recognition of his services to the working class.

Alphonse was a worker. He was trying to do something to help other workers. He had a home to keep up. He had heavy expenses

educating people how to use their own credit.

When, therefore, he heard that certain details relating to the ceremony of investiture with this honor would cost him a small sum of money, his old stubbornness flared up.

"No," said Alphonse, "this is not well."

"But it is an honor," admonished Dorimène, and she urged him repeatedly.

Abbé Grondin came to talk with Alphonse over the writing he was doing for the *caisse populaire* movement.

"What do you think of this man?" cried Dorimène. "He is offered a decoration by the Pope, and instead offers me a trip to the country." Abbé Grondin sat down, his bright face lighting up with humor.

"With all respect to the Pope," said Alphonse, "I have not asked for this, and I don't feel like paying the costs involved. If I am worthy, let those who think so give the decoration to me."

"Well," said Abbé Grondin, "considering what you have to spend, I don't blame you! But in all good causes a way is found."

Dorimène listened as the men talked on, her ear cocked. She felt fiercely proud of her husband. And suddenly she had an idea. She remembered his anxiety about unity and good order in the movement—an anxiety that grew as the number of new banks increased through-

out Quebec. Certainly there must be someone of prestige at the head.

She waved her hand for attention. "Leader of the *caisse populaire*, and commander of the Order of St. Gregory! What prestige! That should silence the critics and the enemies!"

Alphonse felt his defenses crumble in one blow. With Dorimène's competence and foresight at managing, he received the honor.

ALPHONSE sat at his desk in the little room of his house set aside for the affairs of the *caisse populaire*. It was late at night, but he had been unable to sleep. He pulled together some of his notes and began wearily to push his pen across sheets of paper.

He was worried. What if cheats and fakers crept in? They might exploit the idea for a time for their own. Then the whole movement would be discredited and it would be years before it could recover.

He stopped writing and looked up. "Dorimène, there are 102 *caisses populaires* in Quebec province. There are 31,000 people banded together for credit. They have built assets of \$6,300,000. They should be joined together. Then what one learns the others may benefit by. And there are many other reasons."

He went on to draw up the letter to his followers in the locals. He said in it that in spite of his health he felt the time had come to consult them regarding federa-

tion. He asked their advice. He proposed federation. He also proposed the formation of a central *caisse populaire*. It was his last letter.

As the months passed, his strength waned. One day he called. "Dorimène, open the drawer of my desk. Get the little notebook.

"That figure there, added up, is the total of my own money that I have spent in organizing the *caisses populaires*."

The total was \$4,119.43.

"Yes, that money, it should really be yours, Dorimène, and here I have taken it away for the *caisses*. Before I die, I ask you if you are willing to give it to me."

"But Alphonse, that money, it is yours; it was you who earned it. You have the right to dispose of it as you wish."

"That is true. But that money I have earned, we have earned together, for the one and for the other. If, instead of using it to promote the *caisses*, I had given it to you, you could have used it to travel a little. You could have taken a change and a rest; you could have had a maid more often; and today you would be, perhaps, less fatigued."

"No, no," she repeated in loving and gentle tones. "I would not have it otherwise."

On Nov. 1, 1920, a Quebec newspaper said, "M. le Commandeur Desjardins, founder of the People's Banks in North America, is dead.

One calls him without fear the benefactor of his race."

It was one day in March, 28 years later. I was standing by a small statue of Alphonse Desjardins at the headquarters of La Federation des Caisses Populaires at Lévis. Rosario Trembly, assistant manager, was saying, "Out of the foundations of Alphonse Desjardins, there have grown 1,080 *caisses*. All together they now have over \$200 million in assets.

"In short-term loans they extended a truly vast amount over the years. The losses have been almost nil. They have extended \$60 million in long-term loans.

"There are now ten regional unions or centrals. Each one has its clearing house."

"And the federation," I asked, "what is its function?"

"The federation is the central for these unions. It carries on the function of education and inspection."

This wide development had come about during the directorship of Cyrille Vaillancourt, who had been Alphonse's young follower. Some call him today the "second founder."

Dorimène, too, had been of much assistance in the years following her husband's death (she survived him by 12 years).

In the U.S., the societies which Alphonse had initiated took the name of credit unions. With this inspiration and also with ideas gathered from Europe and India, the Boston merchant, Edward A.

Filene, gave generous support to education and promotion. Under the leadership of such men as Roy Bergengren and Thomas Doig, numerous societies were formed, and federations, or leagues, as they are called, set up in every state.

Today, the U.S. has more than 9,000 credit unions. They have accumulated savings in the neighborhood of \$1 billion. Their loan service extended to the needy since their inception runs into a total so vast as to be almost unintelligible.

In the early 1930's the Extension department of St. Francis Xavier university in Nova Scotia included credit unions in its program of

adult education for social action. Since then societies have been established in the Maritimes and have spread to all the English-speaking provinces of Canada.

From this point of inspiration, social students have taken the pattern to many parts of the world. Credit unions are being formed in the Caribbean, in South America, in Newfoundland, and in more places than is possible to mention. There is every indication that it will continue to grow as more people realize the power that there is in thrift and in the management of their own funded money in their community.

Flights of Fancy



Satisfying as an income-tax refund.
—*Gay Atlanta.*

A cathedral standing knee-deep in the roofs of the town.—*John Dos Passos.*

Eyes incandescent with curiosity.—*Bruce Marshall.*

Tip: hover charge. — *Mexican American Review.*

Happy as an orchid on a new mink coat.—*Joanne Drue.*

Atom-bomb shelters: modern version of Noah's ark.—*Laura Marklein.*

A desk with waste-basket drawers.
—*M. Ozburn Odum.*

Snub: past participle of a snob.—*Mary C. Dorsey.*

Fighter planes with guns spitting like alley cats.—*Time.*

She said her Rosary as though an automatic pilot were at the controls.
—*Mary Gilmore.*

Housewife's problem: having too much month left over at the end of the money.—*Ottawa Citizen.*

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry that it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]



of Current Interest

[Any of which may be ordered through us. If you wish to order direct from publisher, addresses given are adequate.]

Bor-Komorowski, T. *THE SECRET ARMY*. London: Gollancz, Ltd. 407 pp. 21 Shillings. The saga of the Polish underground. "The most moving, tragic, and inspiring story of the war."

Gogarty, Oliver St. John. *INTIMATIONS*. New York: Abelard Press. 268 pp. \$3. Gogarty writes "of many things" with wit and irony which the "Walrus" lacked. The intuitive remarks on poetry give the book genuine significance.

Greenway, J. D. *FISH, FOWL AND FOREIGN LANDS*. New York: Scribner's. 176 pp. \$3.50. World-wide hunting and fishing experiences retailed with verve and polished wit. You'll chuckle while you read.

Hay, Malcom. *THE FOOT OF PRIDE*. "The Pressure of Christendom on the people of Israel for 1900 years." Boston: Beacon Press. 350 pp. \$3.75. The black side of the record without the tender, bright side which marked great churchmen like Mindszenty. Truth fails to emerge with this Blanchardizing technique.

Henry, Thomas R. *THE WHITE CONTINENT*. New York: Wm. Sloane Associates. 257 pp. \$3.75. Complete story of the lands about the South Pole. The rare kind of travel book which will make your interest gallop.

Kogon, Eugen. *THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF HELL*. Translated by Heinz Norden. New York: Farrar, Straus. 307 pp. \$4. A blood-chilling account of Himmler's prisons and the incredible horror that lived there.

Laurence, William L. *THE HELL-BOMB*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 198 pp. \$2.75. If you want to be up to date on the hell-bomb,

this is it. More or less technical, and not for Caspar Milquetoast.

Lorant, Stefan. F. D. R. *A Pictorial Biography*. New York: Simon & Schuster. 160 pp. \$3.95. Engaging pictures of a great man's life. The commentaries are fresh and interesting.

THE LOS ANGELES BOOK. Photographs by Max Yavno. Text by Lee Shippey. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. 117 pp. \$5. Angelic and zany aspects of the City of the Angels well captured with lens and pen.

Moore, Edward Roberts. *ROMAN COLLAR*. New York: Macmillan. 251 pp. \$3. Monsignor Moore, with real charm, sets down the record of a full and sometimes startling life.

Nabakov, Nicholas. *OLD FRIENDS AND NEW MUSIC*. Boston: Little Brown. 294 pp. \$3.50. Lively canvas splashed with great names from the ballet and music. Gives a new dimension to the understanding of modern music.

Sister Mary Jeremy, O. P. *DIALOGUE WITH AN ANGEL*. New York: Devin-Adair. 47 pp. \$2. Song should sing. This does. A memorable book of genuine poetry.

Wallace, Willard M. *APPEAL TO ARMS*. New York: Harper & Bros. 308 pp. \$4.50. Exciting one-volume history of the American Revolution. More thrilling than a novel.

Xan, Erna Oleson. *WISCONSIN MY HOME*. As told by her mother Thurine Oleson. Madison: University of Wisconsin Press. 223 pp. \$3.75. This story of a pioneer Norwegian family is fragrant with homespun beauty. It helps you to understand what is America's greatness.

March selections of the Catholic Children's Book Club, 147 E. 5th St., St. Paul 1, Minn.
[Subscribers to this club may purchase at special discount]

Picture Book Group—6 to 9. *SMOKE ABOVE THE LAKE*, by Meindert De Jong. (Harper's, \$1.75)
Intermediate—9 to 12. *EAGLE IN THE VALLEY*, by Frances Kohan. (Children's Press, \$2.50)
Boys—12 to 16. *THE SILVER WOLF*, by Merritt Parmelee Allen. (Longmans, \$2.50)
Girls—12 to 16. *RAINBOW GOLD*, by Haven A. Mason. (Caxton Printers, \$3.50)

The Fifteen Mysteries

The Christian world is facing its greatest crisis in 400 years. But you can save Christianity. The formula is in this very issue of the *Catholic Digest*.

Four centuries ago infidel hordes were about to engulf all Europe. They had prepared a mighty fleet. And Europe was rent by the Reformation, and would not unite in its own defense.

But Pope Pius V called out the remnants of chivalry for a Holy War. He placed Don John of Austria in command.

All Don John's men went to the sacraments before sailing to meet the Turks. On shipboard they said the Rosary daily. Face to face with the enemy, they recited the Rosary once more. At the same time, all the Catholics at home were praying the Rosary.

The Christians met the Turks at Lepanto. For five bloody, burning hours they fought. The power of the Turks was broken—for all time. That was on October 7, 1571. October 7 was made the feast of the Holy Rosary.

We face a new Lepanto. We are mustering arms and men. But the Blessed Virgin herself has told us, at Fatima, that only penance and prayer will save the world. "Pray the Rosary. Then Russia will be converted, and the world will have peace."

The Rosary. The *Catholic Digest* wants to help you pray it well. So the editor asked Monsignor Fulton Sheen to prepare a series of meditations.

He did, and here in this issue are the first five. Each is a mint of spiritual gold. Turn to the title, *Fifteen Mysteries*. Here in your hands you have the formula that will help you save the world.

